The ARSENAL CANNON

JUNE 1925

ARSENAL TECHNICAL SCHOOLS
SEAL
INDIANAPOLIS

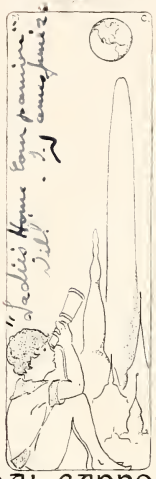
When years and month have glided by
and on this page you cast your eye
Remember it was a friend sincere
That left this kind remembrance
here.

Ruth Hexton Jan '24
Trix Van Dolah '26.
Helen Vinson '27
Albert Piper '27
Frank Fairchild Anna Doll June '26
Lillian Young (Peggy) Jan '26
Maxine Elkins June '26.
Aurine Davis June '26
Lucille Kern Jan. 27
Bea' Burgan
Hazel Hiles June '26

Love is blind and we are too
Geraldine Welchous
Berton White Crupt.
Dorothy Moore BBΣ June '26
Juanita Morris June '26
Lila Morris June '26
Harriet Bateman
Ruth Williams
Thelma Cox June '26
Isabelle Clouse Jan '27
Math IV
Down in a corner
Out of sight
I sign me name
just for spite
Sheila Jean
Wilson '25

Down in this corner
Just for spite
I'll sign my name
"Lou" Metsker.
P. L. K.

Yours till "lip sticks". Jannette McCarthy (Baby)



THE
ARSENAL CANNON
MARS NUMBER - JUNE 1925

[Irene E. Moore]

Henrietta "Henry" Holder [illegible]
[illegible] Miller 2.
Remember he girl you [illegible]
[illegible] to [illegible]

Oyral Windsor
Nancy [illegible]

Remember [illegible]

[illegible] Denmary [illegible]

Ruth E. Patterson [illegible] 26 [illegible]

Louisa [illegible]

Mary [illegible]
Minnie
N. Auerbach

Alma Stegemeier Jan '27

Agnes Wegener June 26
H. E. [illegible]

Lillian Steinmetz
Clo. Class
Mary Louise Wing
Clo. Class
Rebecca Leonard
"Bowen Runyan"
"I'll see you in my dreams"

Lucille Peters
Jan '26

Marjorie Mottley

Margaret [illegible]
Zabeth [illegible]

Lester Creasser

Wm. H. Stewart

FREDERICK E. POLLEY

SENIORS

Emily M. McCullough
Clothing II

Eleanor Church

Florence R. Jones - "Hitch your wagon to a star!"

1925 TECHNICAL JUNE

SENIOR OFFICERS

Wilma Llewellyn
Vice-President

Russell Edwin Clift
President

Jean Campbell
Secretary

August Ferdinand Hook
Sergeant-at-Arms

Donald Hawkins
Treasurer

Arabella Chambers
Song-Writer

Karl G. Bottke
Poet

JUNE '25

Mary Elizabeth Goodwin
Will-Maker

Harry R. Stout
Will-Maker

Alice Willoughby Carter
Prophet

Truman O. Ewing
Historian

James Lothian Daggett
Prophet

'25

Harold Adkinson

Ruth Agnew

Gene Alger

Angeline Allen

Kennett Altizer

Russell Ameter

Orville Amick

Harriet Amsden

George Antrim

Ruth L. Armel

Russell Arnett

Eldon Arnold

Doris Ashcraft

Robert Avels

Edna Aynes

Walter Banta

Russell B. Bass

Iris Beadle

John C. Beck

Hazel Belcher

Donald Bell

Delbert Bennett

Harold Bennett

Dorothy Black

Eleanor Blackledge

Catherine Bloemhof

Charles Bloom

Margaret Blottman

Louise Bolin

Dorothy K. Boone

Louise Boone

Melba K. Bowen

Lawrence H. Bowers

Richard A. Boyd

Alice Brady

Lena Bragg

Willard E. Bray

Flora Brenton

Helen Brocking

Alice Brooks

Mabel Brooks

Emmett Brown

Victor Brown

Robert Bruce

Katherine Bryant

Russell H. Buchanan

Paul B. Bullard

Leland Burford

Richard O. Burnett

Delbert A. Buschbaum

'25

George A. Buskirk II

Lillie M. Campbell

Virginia R. Campbell

Malcolm Carlisle

Janet Carr

Charles Cassell

Mary K. Cassell

Margaret Champlin

Dana Chandler

Elizabeth Clark

John Cleary

R. Ray Close

A. Evans Cochrane

Thomas F. Collison

Leo Connoy

Florence Cook

Richard Cook

Katherine Coonse

Arthur Cope

Margaret M. Corcoran

Dorothy L. Corns

James Craig

Lynn B. Cray

Grace Crone

Dorothy L. Crosley

'25

Roy Crowder

Marian E. Cummins

Arnet A. Curry

Mary Dailey

Robert S. Daily

Ivan Davidson

William Davidson

George B. Davis

Jack Davis

Margaret E. Davis

Martha E. Davis

Porter C. Davis Jr.

Iva L. DeHart

Gertrude Delbrook

Helen DeVelling

Alice Dietz

Jane Dietz

Gladys C. Dillingham

Esther Doty

Marilea Downs

Esther Durbin

James T. Duvall

M. Norine Eardly

Florence Ehlers

Dorothy L. Elfers

'25

Helen Emert

Mary Ennis

John Espin

Carl A. Fahrenkamp

Abe Farb

Phoebe Farmer

Dorothy Feigenbaum

Dorothy Fife

Grace Fike

Edward Fisher

Frank E. Fisher

Violet Ford

A. Keith Frazier

Louise Fredrick

Aletha E. French

Mary Frey

John E. Furnas

Edwin H. Gable

Elizabeth Gallagher

Charles Gardner

George Gertz

Elizabeth Gest

Raymond Gest

Margaret M. Gibbs

Lula Gibson

'25

Dorothy Gilbrech

Viola Gilmore

William Glenn

James F. Glore

Helen Goode

Lela Goodhue

Von E. Goodwin

Esther Graves

Thelma Gray

Edward Green

Zelda B. Green

Genevieve E. Guio

Gordon Haggard

Leona O. Hall

Martin Hall

Leonard Harms

Edward W. Harris

Edith Hart

Dorothy Hartman

Gene F. Hastings

Helen Hausner

Forest C. Hedrick

Robert Heinrichs

Hannah Helm

John Henley

'25

Elizabeth Hess

Edward F. G. Hessel

Madonna Hessler

Thomas Hessong

Dorothy V. Hill

Marian A. Hill

Frederick F. Hillyer

Lucille Hinman

Mac Hollingsworth

Eva Hook

Bessie F. Hoover

George W. Horst

Doris Howell

Viola D. Hunter

Eva Hursh

La Vaughn Hussey

Gerritt V. Hutchinson

Eleanor M. Irwin

Edward Iuppenlatz

Henry G. Jacobson

Charlotte James

Allen Jameson

Theodore Jaus

Freda I. Jay

John E. Jefferson

'25

Willard Jeffras

Kathleen Jefry

Harry D. Jessee

Herschel L. Johnson

Helen Jones

Charles Jordan

Mary Jordan

Louise Karle

Lura Keith

Esther Kellams

Margaret I. Kelly

Merton Kennedy

Maurice R. Kerr

Ruby Kerr

Virginia Kerz

Ruth V. Killie

Harriet L. King

Josephine King

Robert L. King

Frederic Kirgis

Mildred Kirk

Raymond Kirk

Louise Knarzer

Ruth Koch

Harold Koehler

'25

Bessie Kraas

Josephine Krachenfels

Hilda Marie Kreft

Paul C. Kress

Marjorie Krueger

William F. Landis

Lauren L. Lanham

Norman G. Lantz

Margaret Lee

Robert E. Lee

Clarence E. Leet

Claud E. Leet

Evelyn Lentz

Elizabeth Leonard

Helen A. Lesher

Kathryn Lieske

Mildred D. Light

Florence Lipps

Ruth Rose Lipsey

Mavis Llewellyn

George Lohman

William Longacre

Nina Lowman

Mary Lucas

Edward McCalip

'25

Shirley McCallie

Lawson McCoy

Martha Lee McCreary

Ralph McElroy

Calvin McLaughlin

Berlis E. McWilliams

Alverta Mack

Doretta Mannfeld

Esther V. Manzey

Alberta V. Marsh

Berniece Martin

Marjorie Massey

Dean Massy

Dorcas Masters

Louise Mayes

Clara Meek

Ruth Mellish

Mildred Meredith

Eleanor M. Meyer

Ruth Ann Meyer

George A. Miller

Madge Miller

Mildred L. Miller

Ruth Millholland

Clara Minnick

'25

Carl L. Mochwart

Dorothy Mode

Thelma Monahan

Dorothy Morga

Elizabeth Moschenross

Harry L. Mounts

Lewis H. Mounts

Josephine Mugg

Kermit Mull

Kathryn Mullen

Elizabeth Mullin

Harry Murdock

Marilizabeth Murphy

Edith L. Myers

Helen Myers

Kenneth R. Myers

John Nauta

Helene Newgent

Russell E. Nicewanger

Mary J. Noble

James Noblitt

Raymond Nuding

Victor Nunlist

Ruth Omelvena

George F. Ong Jr.

'25

Robert Orbison

Marlin Osborn

Mildred Overbeck

Russell Paidrick

Ceburn Parker

Myrtle Parker

Pauline E. Patterson

Edwin Pattison

Leonard Payne

Earl Peacher

Evelyn Pinnick

Priscilla Pittenger

Robert Pitts

Edna Plott

Henry Posey

Robert Potts

Charles B. Preston

Edward R. Prosch

Beatrice L. Pyles

Martin Quinn

Frances E. Ray

Nordica F. Ray

Walter F. Reed

Helen Reiger

Robert H. Reiner

'25

Harry E. Reinhardt

Margaret D. Renick

Sara Richards

Margaret S. Riddle

Cora Riedman

Walter Riggs

Brown Robbins

Clarisa Robertson

Dorothy Robinson

William W. Robinson

Clarence Rodgers

Lodell Rogers

Marguerite Rosasco

Lorene Rosebaum

Russel Rosenbarger

Virginia Rosenfeldt

Cecil W. Ross

Eleanor Ross

George E. Ross

Alda Rufner

Richard L. Rummel

Martha Rutherford

Emma Sachs

Esther Sandstrom

Lillian Schaefer

Martha Rutherford

'25

Alvin E. Schellschmidt

Von Scherb

Everett Schmidt

George Schoener

Frances Schube

Lillian Schuck

Norman H. Schultz

Herbert Schultzman

Verna E. Scobey

Robert M. Scott

George C. Sears

Doris Sedivy

Dorothy E. Sedler

Marian E. Seeds

Ruth Seigle

Lucile Shaw

Floyd Shearer

Elsie Sherfick

Fannie Shifrin

Neg Shirts

Harold E. Sloan

Cedric Smith

Clarence H. Smith

Frances E. Smith

Paul Lee Smith

'25

Ina Smyth

Darrell G. Snyder

Ethel Sofnas

Samuel Southern

Richard D. Springer

Virginia Springer

Kenneth Stanley

Frederick G. Stettler

Harry M. Stitle Jr.

Robert L. Stonehill

Chester Sturgeon

Meredith Stutsman

Merrill Stutsman

Eugene Sudler

Paul E. Suits

George H. Sunkel

Wayne Swope

Edward D. Taggart

Viola Tamblyn

Wilma Teckenbrock

Faye Thomas

Beatrice Thompkins

George Thompson

Gloria Thompson

Ralph Thompson

'25
Bernice Thorne
Homer Travis
Flossie Tremor
Roberta Trent
Marguerite Trout
Annamay Truemper
Henry Unger
Jean Unger
Charles D. Van Buskirk
James Van Buskirk
Ellen Ver Douw
Jean Vestal
Louise Volkert
Harry Warriner
Russell Watson
Louise M. Watt
Esther Webb
Dorothy Weber
Paul Weir
William M. Whedon
Margaret E. Wheeler
Frank R. White
Dolphus E. Whitesell
Leon R. Whiting
Jack W. Wiley

'25

Richard Willey

Blanche Williams

Mildred Wilmoth

Clifford Wilson

Dean A. Wilson

Gladys J. Wilson

Thomas Wilson

Harry J. Wishmire

Val F. Wolf

Annette Wolfe

Margaret Wolfred

Leo Wood

Marjorie Wood

Mary Woods

Weldon Worth

Delsie Wray

Ivan Yeager

Edith Young

Glen Yowler

George A. Zink

Howard T. Averitt

Leo J. Batman

William Coppock

Mary Coyle

Alma A. Dixon

Eva May Dunn

Reinhart Eppen

Henry Fillenwarth

Ronald Fox

Maurice Fred

Robert Fulton

Edward Givan

Leonard Herrington

Earl Hunter

Lawrence Hunter

Herbert James

Edward Knibs

Russell Langsenkamp

Inez Metzger

Harry Morgan

Allan Shimer

Carl Simpson

Rose Straffa

George Toye

Mildred Tyler

Elton Unnewehr

Miss Harter
Sponsor

Earl West

Miss Welch
Sponsor

Alger Wysong

Miss Axtell
Sponsor

History of the June Class of 1925

As the universe passes from stage to stage in its upward march toward progress, it is both necessary and natural that certain events be recorded in order that posterity may profit by the errors made and that successes be hung conspicuously on the wall of memory as incentives to strive for the finer things in life.

And thus, we, the June '25 senior class, having just passed through four stages in our upward march toward progress, consider it an unusual opportunity and a supreme pleasure to stop here and look back over the past four years. We have photographed in our minds a panoramic picture of the events which have welded us as a unit into a chain, the links of which are friendship and loyalty. As a body we have striven to maintain the highest ideals, displaying at all times the spirit of true sportsmanship everywhere and applying ourselves assiduously to the various tasks assigned us.

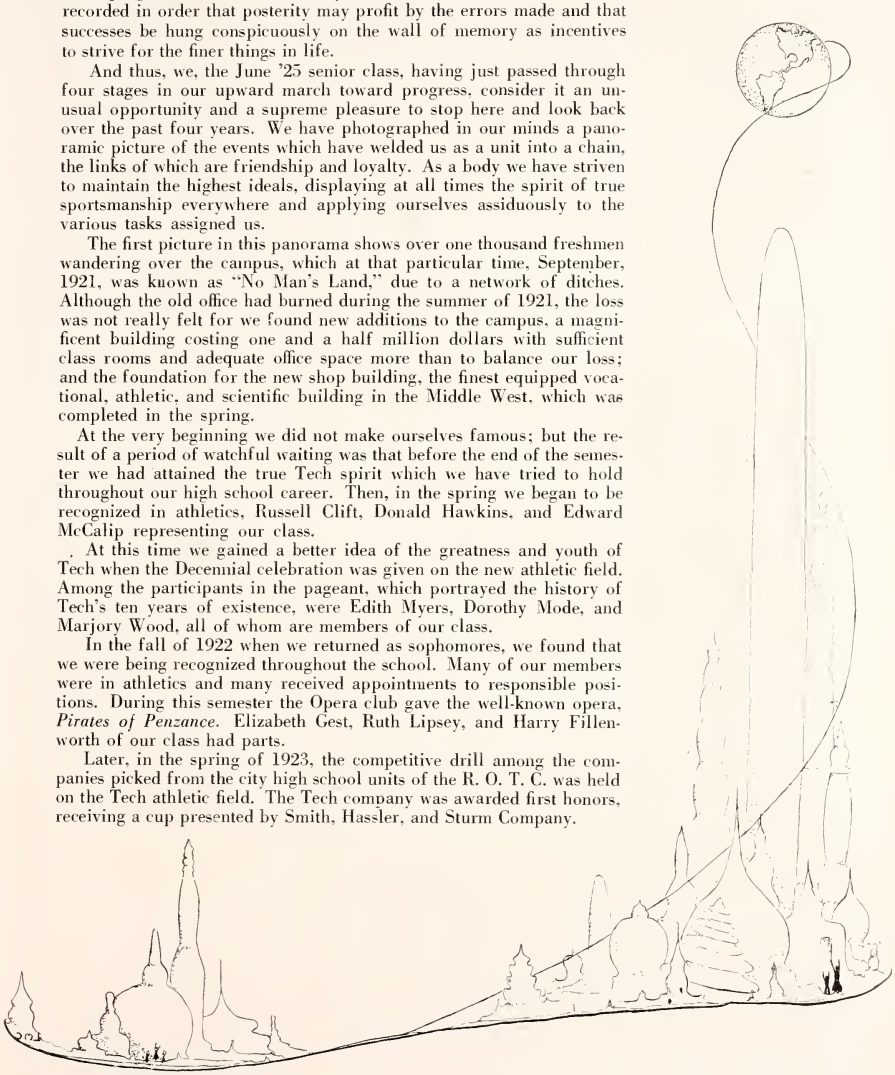
The first picture in this panorama shows over one thousand freshmen wandering over the campus, which at that particular time, September, 1921, was known as "No Man's Land," due to a network of ditches. Although the old office had burned during the summer of 1921, the loss was not really felt for we found new additions to the campus, a magnificent building costing one and a half million dollars with sufficient class rooms and adequate office space more than to balance our loss; and the foundation for the new shop building, the finest equipped vocational, athletic, and scientific building in the Middle West, which was completed in the spring.

At the very beginning we did not make ourselves famous; but the result of a period of watchful waiting was that before the end of the semester we had attained the true Tech spirit which we have tried to hold throughout our high school career. Then, in the spring we began to be recognized in athletics, Russell Clift, Donald Hawkins, and Edward McCalip representing our class.

At this time we gained a better idea of the greatness and youth of Tech when the Decennial celebration was given on the new athletic field. Among the participants in the pageant, which portrayed the history of Tech's ten years of existence, were Edith Myers, Dorothy Mode, and Marjory Wood, all of whom are members of our class.

In the fall of 1922 when we returned as sophomores, we found that we were being recognized throughout the school. Many of our members were in athletics and many received appointments to responsible positions. During this semester the Opera club gave the well-known opera, *Pirates of Penzance.* Elizabeth Gest, Ruth Lipsey, and Harry Fillenworth of our class had parts.

Later, in the spring of 1923, the competitive drill among the companies picked from the city high school units of the R. O. T. C. was held on the Tech athletic field. The Tech company was awarded first honors, receiving a cup presented by Smith, Hassler, and Sturm Company.



In the fall of 1923 we looked with admiration on the football squad. Kenneth Myers, Jack Wiley, Dolphus Whitesell, Clarence Leet, Donald Hawkins, and Russell Clift, all members of the June class, aided in bringing the championship cup to Tech. We also remember Forest Hedrick, ever worthy yell leader, who assisted the school in supporting the team.

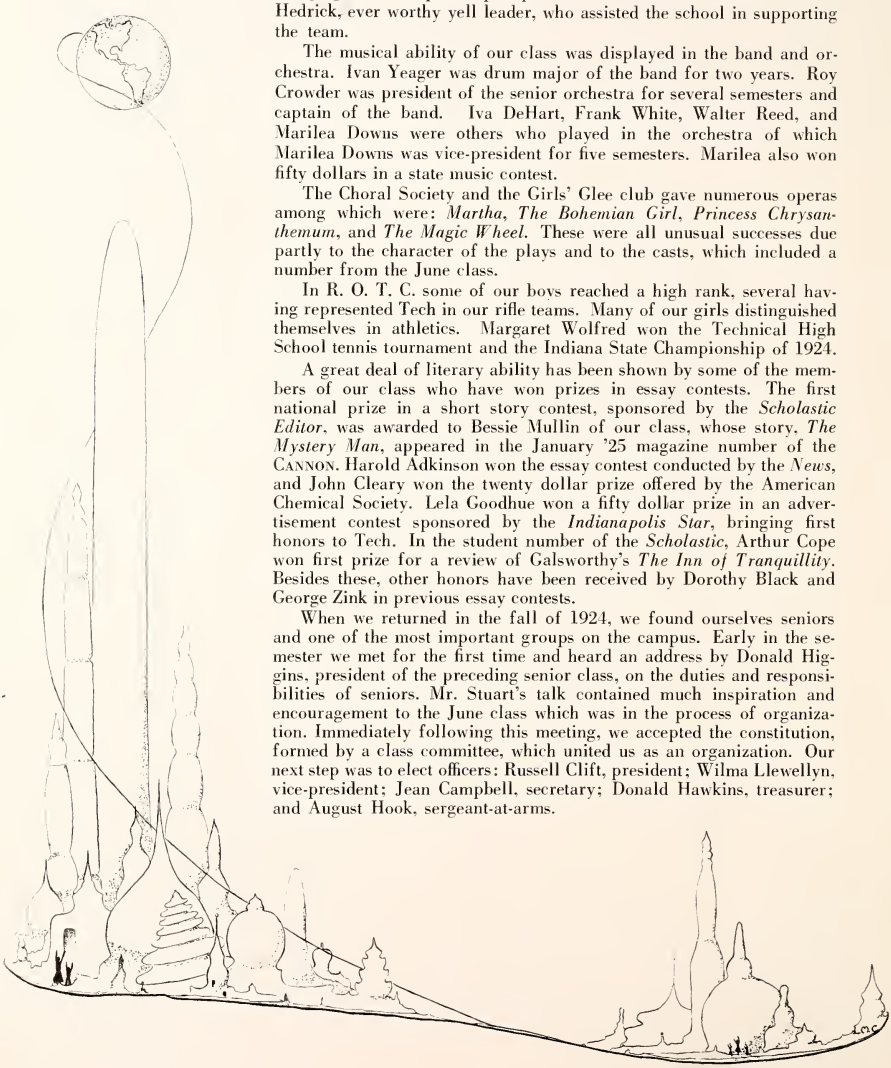
The musical ability of our class was displayed in the band and orchestra. Ivan Yeager was drum major of the band for two years. Roy Crowder was president of the senior orchestra for several semesters and captain of the band. Iva DeHart, Frank White, Walter Reed, and Marilea Downs were others who played in the orchestra of which Marilea Downs was vice-president for five semesters. Marilea also won fifty dollars in a state music contest.

The Choral Society and the Girls' Glee club gave numerous operas among which were: *Martha*, *The Bohemian Girl*, *Princess Chrysanthemum*, and *The Magic Wheel*. These were all unusual successes due partly to the character of the plays and to the casts, which included a number from the June class.

In R. O. T. C. some of our boys reached a high rank, several having represented Tech in our rifle teams. Many of our girls distinguished themselves in athletics. Margaret Wolfred won the Technical High School tennis tournament and the Indiana State Championship of 1924.

A great deal of literary ability has been shown by some of the members of our class who have won prizes in essay contests. The first national prize in a short story contest, sponsored by the *Scholastic Editor*, was awarded to Bessie Mullin of our class, whose story, *The Mystery Man*, appeared in the January '25 magazine number of the CANNON. Harold Adkinson won the essay contest conducted by the *News*, and John Cleary won the twenty dollar prize offered by the American Chemical Society. Lela Goodhue won a fifty dollar prize in an advertisement contest sponsored by the *Indianapolis Star*, bringing first honors to Tech. In the student number of the *Scholastic*, Arthur Cope won first prize for a review of Galsworthy's *The Inn of Tranquillity*. Besides these, other honors have been received by Dorothy Black and George Zink in previous essay contests.

When we returned in the fall of 1924, we found ourselves seniors and one of the most important groups on the campus. Early in the semester we met for the first time and heard an address by Donald Higgins, president of the preceding senior class, on the duties and responsibilities of seniors. Mr. Stuart's talk contained much inspiration and encouragement to the June class which was in the process of organization. Immediately following this meeting, we accepted the constitution, formed by a class committee, which united us as an organization. Our next step was to elect officers: Russell Clift, president; Wilma Llewellyn, vice-president; Jean Campbell, secretary; Donald Hawkins, treasurer; and August Hook, sergeant-at-arms.



The class was not at all displeased with its choice as all officers proved to be worthy of their positions and also honor roll students. Then, as an organized body, we began work with the senior activities and soon a remarkable showing was made in our scholastic standing.

During this year most of the important positions on the CANNON staffs were filled by June seniors. For the fall term Karl Bottke and Wilma Llewellyn were editors of Staff I and II, respectively. Later they became our magazine editors, while Jean Campbell and Marian Seeds succeeded them as editors. Besides these, eighteen other June seniors were on the staffs.

Miss Ryan, assisted by the play committee, chose *A Message from Mars* as our class play, which was successful because it presented a valuable message, because the settings were unusually beautiful, and because the cast members portrayed their characters so well.

Later in February we elected the remaining class officers: Truman Ewing, historian; Alice Carter and James Daggett, prophets; and Mary Goodwin and Harry Stout, will-makers. Karl Bottke was chosen as class poet and Arabelle Chambers as song writer.

In the latter part of March our class was well represented in Indiana's first junior legislature, the first of its kind in the United States. Out of eleven delegates appointed to represent Tech at the session, six were June seniors: Wilma Llewellyn, George Miller, Donald Hawkins, Robert Orbison, Harry Stout, and Truman Ewing.

Now we pass out of Tech never to return as students. While this causes us deep regret, we must march on, making room for those who are to come, and assume new responsibilities from those who in turn have elevated themselves to a higher position.

We wish to thank sincerely the instructors and sponsors for their deep interest and united efforts to the end that we might have full advantage of the splendid facilities at our disposal in this institution.

Our last hope is that at all times we may never lose the wonderful impression formed while in school, and that we shall always do the things which will glorify dear old Tech.

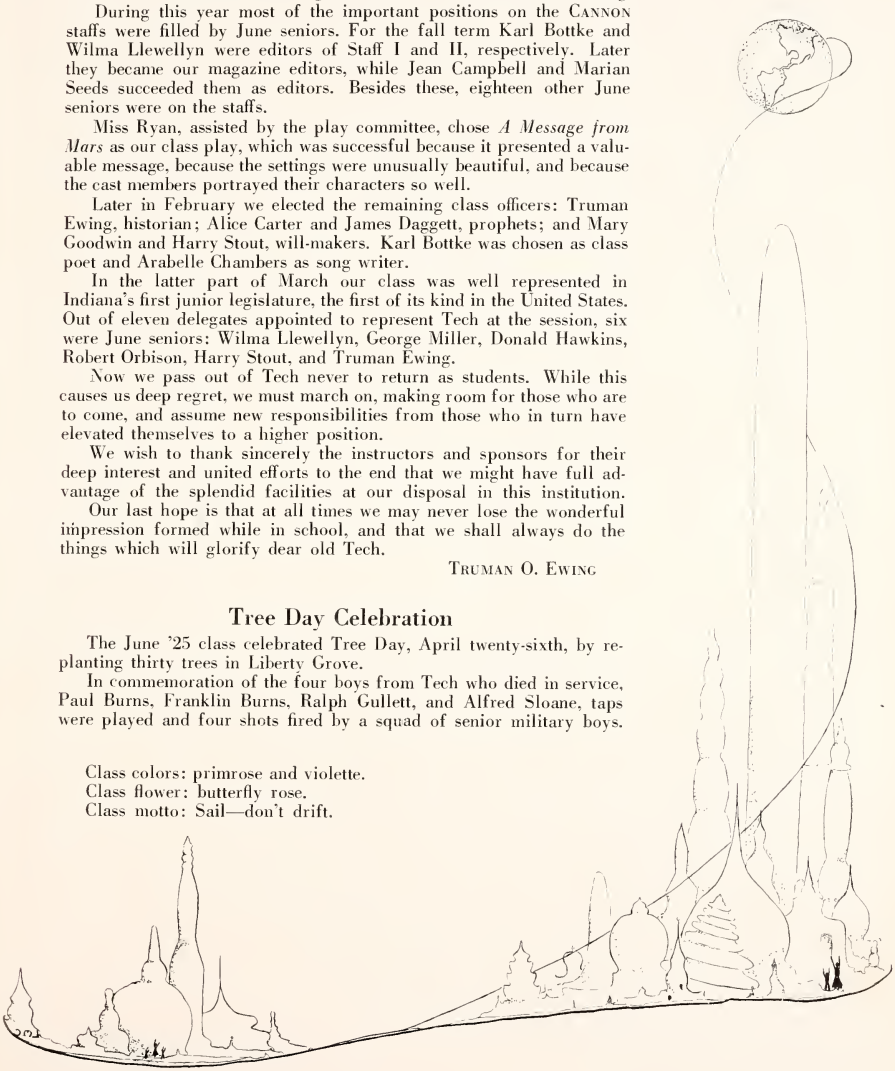
TRUMAN O. EWING

Tree Day Celebration

The June '25 class celebrated Tree Day, April twenty-sixth, by replanting thirty trees in Liberty Grove.

In commemoration of the four boys from Tech who died in service, Paul Burns, Franklin Burns, Ralph Gullett, and Alfred Sloane, taps were played and four shots fired by a squad of senior military boys.

Class colors: primrose and violette.
Class flower: butterfly rose.
Class motto: Sail—don't drift.



Last Will and Testament, June '25

With due respect and courtesy, we dedicate this will;
We've tried our very best in it, some humor to instill.
We give to Mr. Stuart, the leader of our school,
Our promise to succeed in life and reach its highest goal.
We leave the teachers of our school, the memories of our four school years;
We thank them for their aid to us, in solving freshman doubts and fears.
We give our thanks to janitors who ignored our silly capers,
Who made no fuss at following us and picking up our candy papers.
We will, then, to the Freshmen, the pride of our dear school,
The mud upon the campus and the fish within the pool.
We will next to the Sophomores the leaves upon the trees,
The quaint bright yellow fire-plugs and pep-inspiring breeze.
We will to all staid Juniors the rock bed of Pogues Run,
And the memories we hold of the honors we have won.
We leave to our successors, those things dear to each heart,
The joys which we have known for years, from which we hate to part.

Truman Ewing wills one dimple, a whimsical smile, and a beloved tie to Culver Leist. We hope Culver will add a pair of spats to this superb collection.

In a last effort to save Charles Lehr from flunking harmony, Martha Rutherford has decided to give all her A+ papers to him. (We wonder if there will be enough of them to tide Charles over the danger line.)

George Miller wills Herman Eppen ever so much knowledge on the problems of the modern girl. We hope, Herman, your conception is somewhat tamer than that of George's.

As Tech's scrapbook recorder, Lillian Schuck leases her position to Helen Swain with a new pair of scissors and a tube of paste all ready for use.

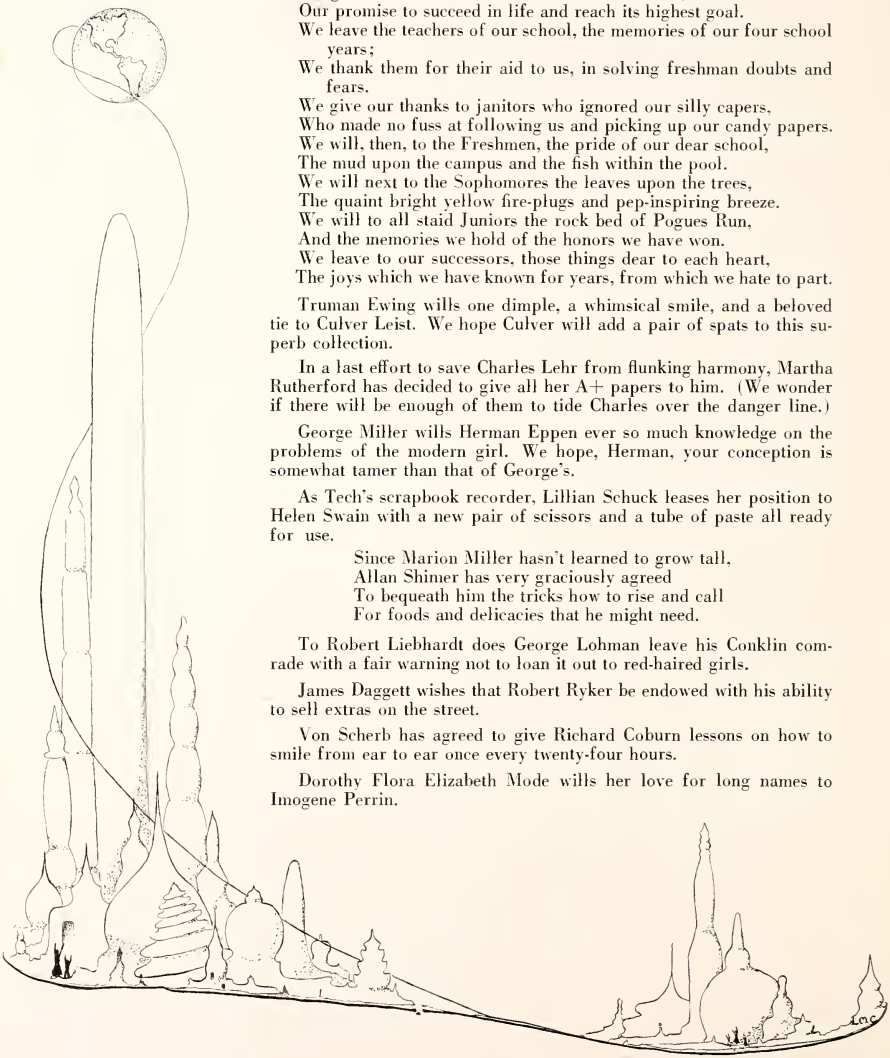
Since Marion Miller hasn't learned to grow tall,
Allan Shimer has very graciously agreed
To bequeath him the tricks how to rise and call
For foods and delicacies that he might need.

To Robert Liebhardt does George Lohman leave his Conklin comrade with a fair warning not to loan it out to red-haired girls.

James Daggett wishes that Robert Ryker be endowed with his ability to sell extras on the street.

Von Scherb has agreed to give Richard Coburn lessons on how to smile from ear to ear once every twenty-four hours.

Dorothy Flora Elizabeth Mode wills her love for long names to Imogene Perrin.



A feminine Coue believer is Ina May Smyth. She leaves to knockers in the school the slogan:

"Day by day in every way
The time is drawing nearer and nearer."

(Of course she means the closing of the school.)

Bill Longacre leaves his authority for stepping in lunch line to Willard Worth.

Wilma Llewellyn bequeaths her passionate love for Ward cakes, sea shells, O Henry's, and track to Margaret Cathcart.

Bob Bolles leaves his favorite, "Blue Eyed Sally", for Irving Knight to sing in roll call.

As Sampson rivals, Ruth Armel and Florence Lipps will their fighting spirits to Lenore Brandt and Helen Griffith.

From all his many athletic honors, Clarence Leet
Wills Brown Bolte his biggest block T
With all his cues and approximate fee
For running in a high school meet.

The prize gentleman, Edward Fisher, bequeaths his booklet "Just Fifteen Minutes a Day" to Rudolph Miller for intense study.

Doris Ashcraft bestows her singing, playing, and social abilities to a descendant, Katherine Rinehart.

Victor Brown gives his excess tickets from West Newton to Indianapolis to any one who can use them. Speak to owner for further information.

With esteemed honor Iris Jean Beadle leaves her "best" short story as a hasty reference for Jeanette Epler.

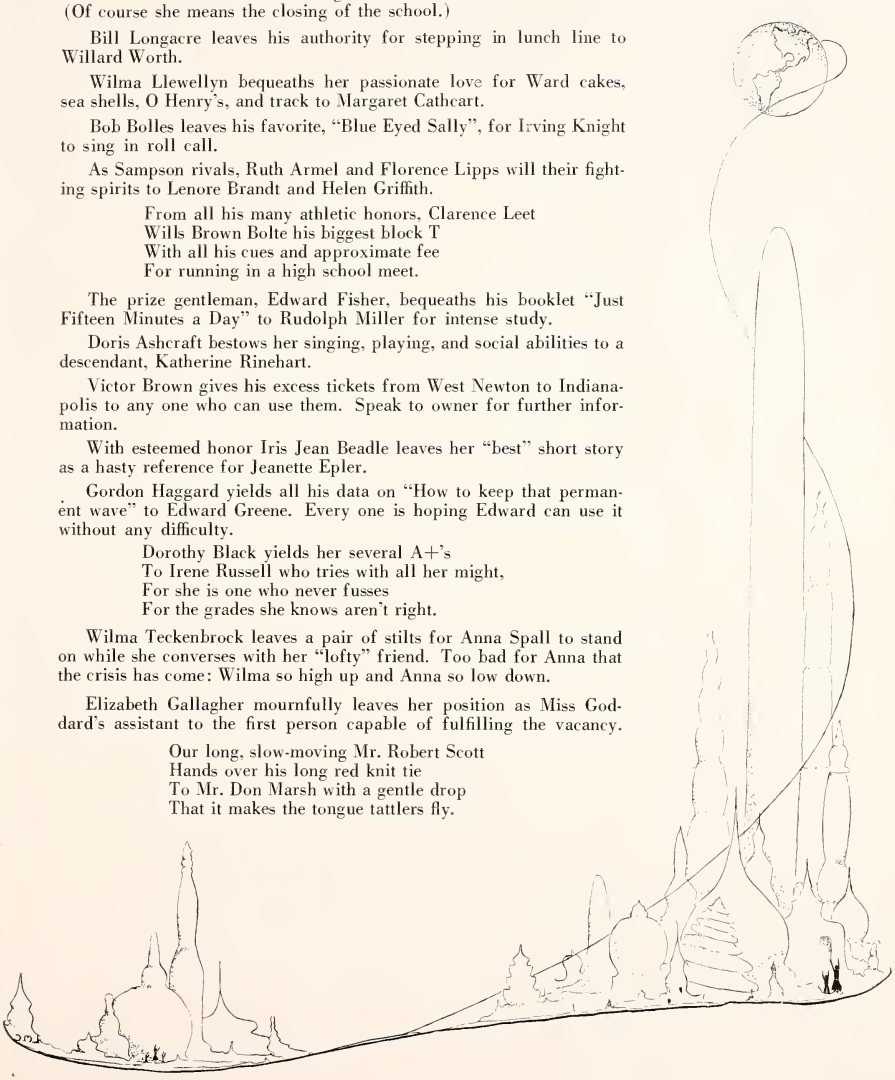
Gordon Haggard yields all his data on "How to keep that permanent wave" to Edward Greene. Every one is hoping Edward can use it without any difficulty.

Dorothy Black yields her several A+'s
To Irene Russell who tries with all her might,
For she is one who never fusses
For the grades she knows aren't right.

Wilma Teckenbrock leaves a pair of stilts for Anna Spall to stand on while she converses with her "lofty" friend. Too bad for Anna that the crisis has come: Wilma so high up and Anna so low down.

Elizabeth Gallagher mournfully leaves her position as Miss Goddard's assistant to the first person capable of fulfilling the vacancy.

Our long, slow-moving Mr. Robert Scott
Hands over his long red knit tie
To Mr. Don Marsh with a gentle drop
That it makes the tongue tattlers fly.



Just to prove his heart is on the "right" side, Gene Hastings distributes his chemistry experiments through the January roll rooms, taking as his motto, "First there, first served."

As a special request Thelma Gray grants her esteemed privilege for rummaging through library books to Dorothy Rothert, but offers no information concerning the origin of this privilege.

Don Hawkins, our treasurer, wills the responsibility of that office along with his loud voice to the incoming treasurer of the January class.

Louise Mayes leaves two of her most noted talents, that of an author and a milliner, to Ethel Taylor with a sample of each for good measure.

Willard Bray wills his childish fancies to Kenneth Ball since he believes that both braying and "balling" are traits which belong exclusively to youth.

Since Faye Thomas has proved to be a kindly old lady after all, she presents to Carolyn Warner her "specs" and powdered wig.

All the supercilious motions that are essential to the correct leading of yells are given by Forest Hedrick to Otto Graf.

In the person of Margaret Gibbs we have a speedy typist. She lends her art to Dorothy Warrick, hoping that the latter will learn also to chew gum as she types.

Von Goodwin, the famous golf player,
Not mentioning his extremely good looks,
Leaves Harvey Kline, a future city mayor,
Some news and "dope" for the books.

Lawson McCoy's ability to "bring home the bacon" on grade card day is given to Lural Herscheli.

Phoebe Farmer bequeaths her ability to play "Yes, We Have No Bananas" in fourteen different ways to Thelma Caldwell.

Harry Morgan and Carl Simpson bequeath their musical ability together with the chairs which they have held in the Tech band to any two Tech students with "triple tongues" who can march and play at the same time without swallowing the mouthpiece.

Marian Seeds wills her ability to criticize to Mildred Shaeffer in the hope that the latter will not get the "pink-eye" from too close application of the art.

Mavis Llewellyn leaves her charming personality,
As witnesses Mary Frey and Ray Gest,
To Mary Birmingham's e'er changing informality
With which she is not o'er blest.

A scream and a sob are willed Mary Cobb by Elizabeth Moschenross.

A score of bruises sustained from athletic training are willed Carroll Ringwalt by Edward McCalip.

Thirteen unlucky episodes in little Benny's life are bequeathed Maxine Rigsbee by Nina Lowman.

Abe Farb wills his prize-winning goldfish
To the innocent Joe Cahill at school
And insists that in a big glass dish
That each fish won't act like a fool.

An unfinished book on *The First Speed Cop I Ever Saw* is willed by Leland Burford to Avery Shephard.

Lucile Shaw wills her passionate love for "boyish Bobs" to Virginia Otey.

Our friend, Emmett Brown, quite the talk of the town, wills his grace as a public talker to the more retiring and keenly admiring Tech prodigy, Clarence Wacher.

Genevieve Guio and Violet Ford leave their one seat in row 10, seat 3, roll room 4, to the next senior occupants, provided they do not count the chewing gum wads beneath the desk.

A moustache is willed Robert Pebworth by our worthy classmate, Ronald Fox. Ronald says that he leaves it because he believes it will give to our fair sex a shock.

Clara Meek willingly gives up her office as "publicity chairman" in Glee club to Leva Irvin with some helps, hints, and hunches on how to advertise.

Robert Fulton's untiring devotion to "daily dozen to music" exercises are left with his best regards to Helen Babcock. Robert suggests that they be taken in moderation lest she become thin too quickly.

John Henley wills a few variations of "Pop Goes the Weasel" to a whistler of no mean ability, George Gisler. The former hopes that George will use this gift while shoveling snow during the coming season.

Dorothy Fife wills some of her portable creams and powder that will make anyone beautiful over night to Marie Rompke. (We all want to see Marie the "next morning".)

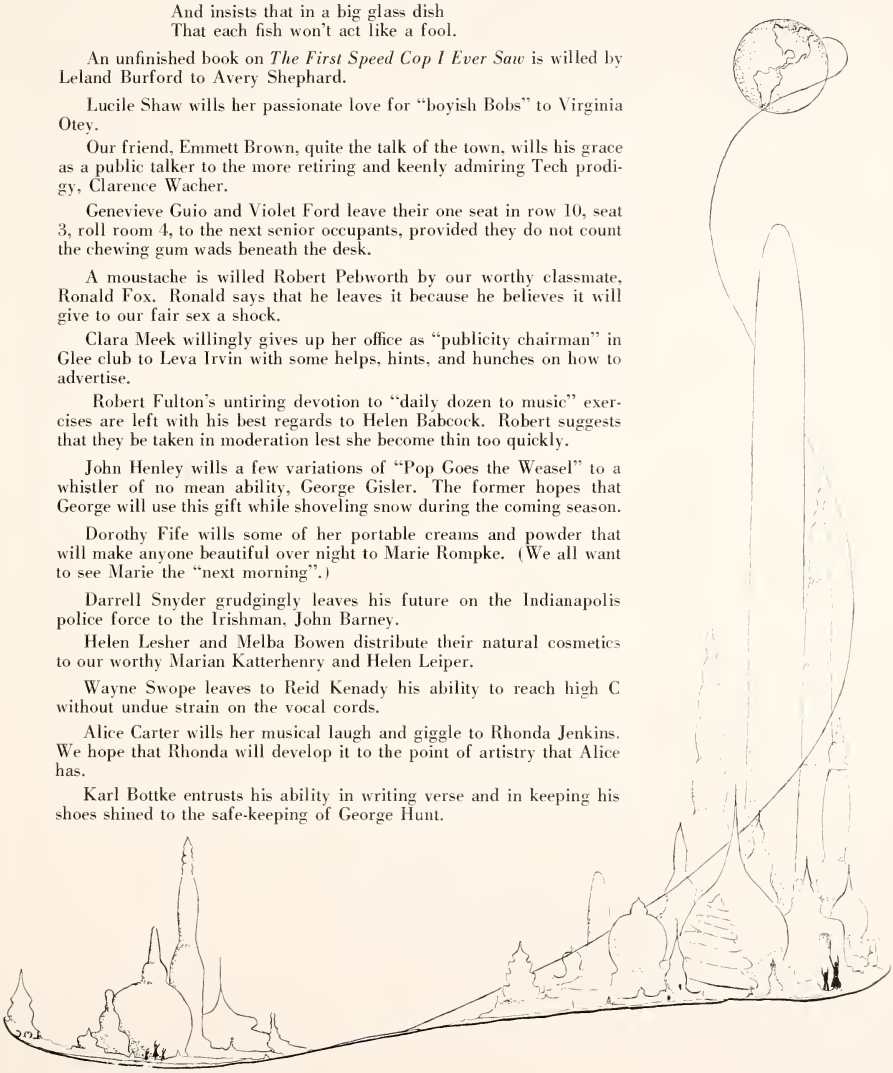
Darrell Snyder grudgingly leaves his future on the Indianapolis police force to the Irishman, John Barney.

Helen Lesher and Melba Bowen distribute their natural cosmetics to our worthy Marian Katterhenry and Helen Leiper.

Wayne Swope leaves to Reid Kenady his ability to reach high C without undue strain on the vocal cords.

Alice Carter wills her musical laugh and giggle to Rhonda Jenkins. We hope that Rhonda will develop it to the point of artistry that Alice has.

Karl Bottke entrusts his ability in writing verse and in keeping his shoes shined to the safe-keeping of George Hunt.



Bernice Martin leaves her mania for purple umbrellas, lavender parasols, and orchid sunshades to Katherine Lowman.

A few cartoons of President Coolidge's "hobby horse" are left by the prize art student, James Glore, to any adventuresome student who would delve into the mysteries of the nation's capitol.

Merrill and Meredith Stutsman, the twins of our class, leave their graduation pictures and their recollections of the class photographer to any twins in the coming senior classes.

Leonard Harrington bestows his rattle-trap car
On his pal, the honorable Ray Bridges,
And assures him a trip both wide and far
If only he evades mountain ridges.

Edward Green, our theatrical star, wills his success at treating the women rough and getting away with it to Paul Hudson.

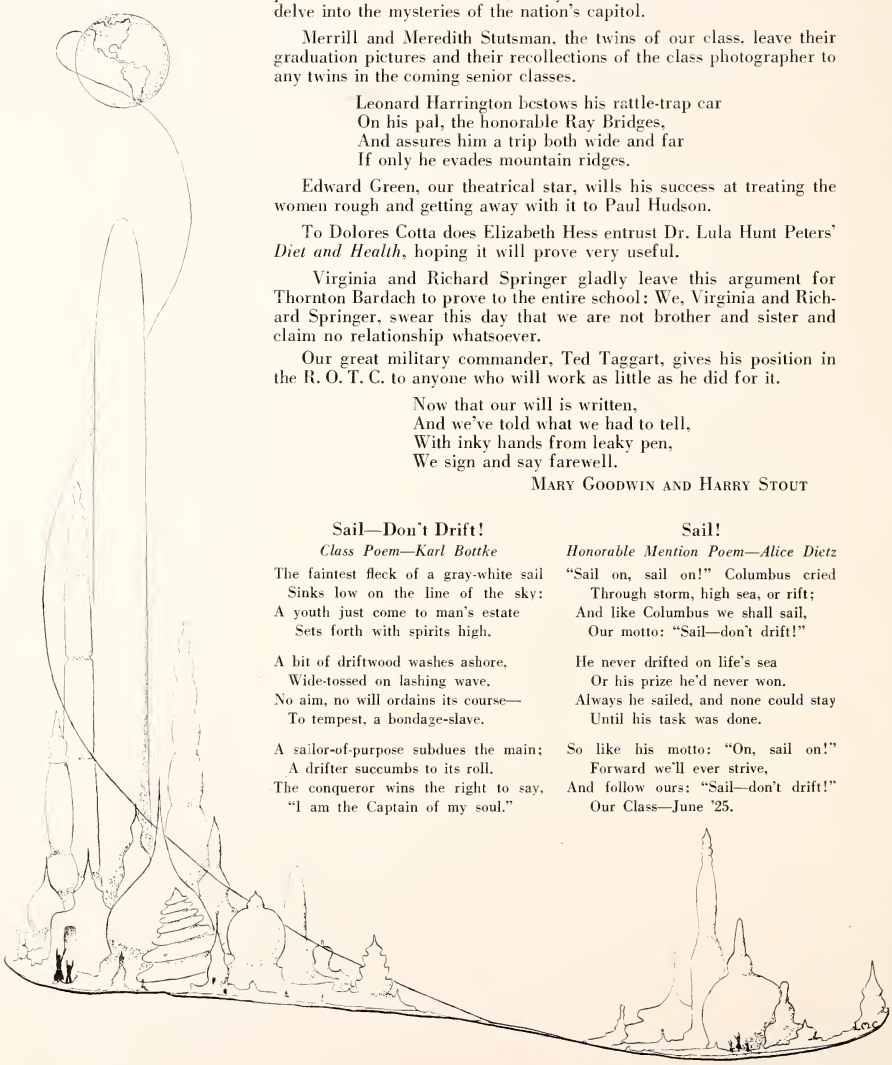
To Dolores Cotta does Elizabeth Hess entrust Dr. Lula Hunt Peters' *Diet and Health*, hoping it will prove very useful.

Virginia and Richard Springer gladly leave this argument for Thornton Bardach to prove to the entire school: We, Virginia and Richard Springer, swear this day that we are not brother and sister and claim no relationship whatsoever.

Our great military commander, Ted Taggart, gives his position in the R. O. T. C. to anyone who will work as little as he did for it.

Now that our will is written,
And we've told what we had to tell,
With inky hands from leaky pen,
We sign and say farewell.

MARY GOODWIN AND HARRY STOUT



Sail—Don't Drift!

Class Poem—Karl Bottke

The faintest fleck of a gray-white sail
Sinks low on the line of the sky:
A youth just come to man's estate
Sets forth with spirits high.

A bit of driftwood washes ashore,
Wide-tossed on lashing wave,
No aim, no will ordains its course—
To tempest, a bondage-slave.

A sailor-of-purpose subdues the main;
A drifter succumbs to its roll.
The conqueror wins the right to say,
"I am the Captain of my soul."

Sail!

Honorable Mention Poem—Alice Dietz

"Sail on, sail on!" Columbus cried
Through storm, high sea, or rift;
And like Columbus we shall sail,
Our motto: "Sail—don't drift!"

He never drifted on life's sea
Or his prize he'd never won.
Always he sailed, and none could stay
Until his task was done.

So like his motto: "On, sail on!"
Forward we'll ever strive,
And follow ours: "Sail—don't drift!"
Our Class—June '25.

Prophecy—June '25

We come to you as Martian seers
With prophecies of coming years
Of life upon the planet Mars,
The most advanced of all the stars.
A village fair, of Martian fame,
Techapolis, it is by name—
A model town where live and thrive
Our friends in Tech, June '25.

After waiting nineteen years for his chestnut tree to become symmetrical, Russell Clift has taken up blacksmithing in the village which Miss Kerz, as chief of police, rules with an iron hand. Virginia has just awarded a medal for distinguished service to Josephine King of the police corps.

The governor of the province in which our model village is located is the Hon. Janet Carr.

Charles Malcolm Carlisle, warden in the township prison, is kept busy guarding his two worst prisoners: Charles Cassell, who disproved the Pythagorean theorum, aided and abetted by his sister, Mary, and by Jane Dietz, who was almost lynched for stealing a swimming title.

The village, although small, has many factories. The G. V. Hutchinson cleaning establishment, whose motto is "Never say dye, say clean," is the foremost competitor of Porter Davis' rug factory, which manufactures the "last obtainable allotment of Persian rugs."

Mlle. Pittenger has just arrived in town as premiere danseuse in Jack Wiley's *Review of 1950.* Harry Jessee deserves credit for designing most of her wardrobe. Mlle. Pittenger will vie with Ivan Yeager, the human fly, for the admiration of the townspeople.

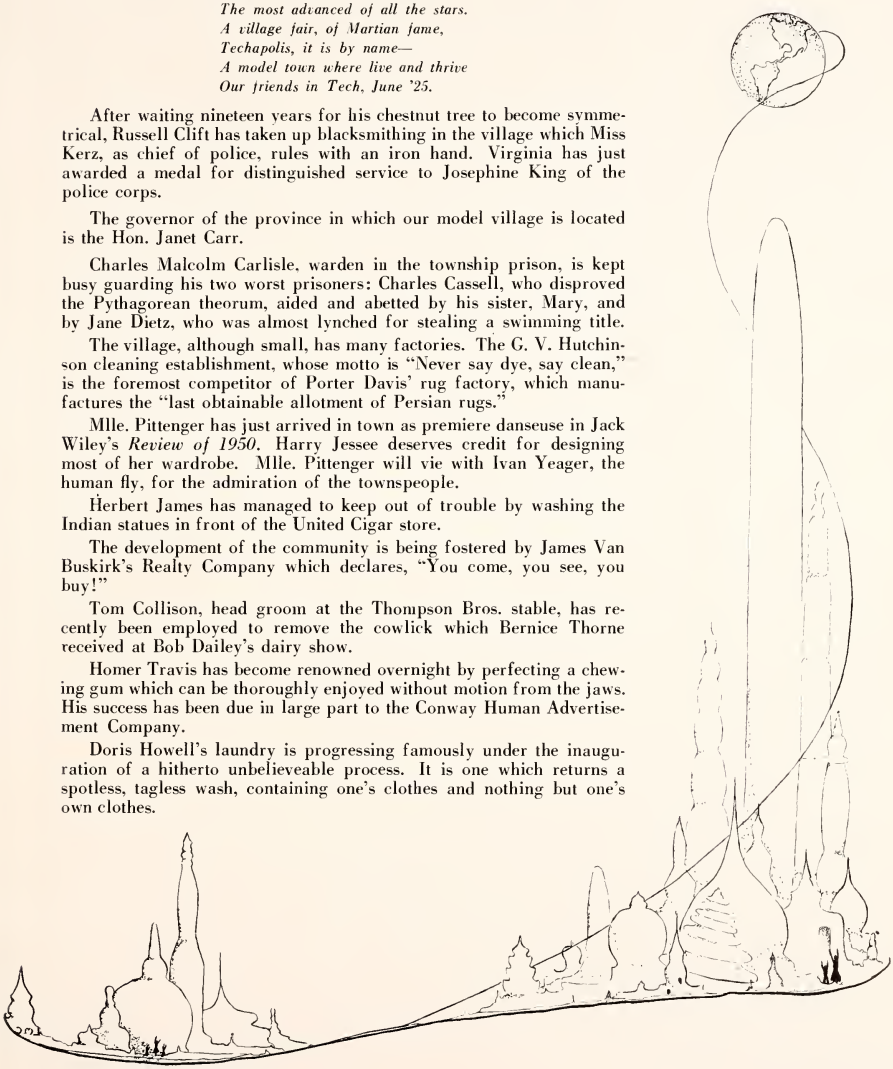
Herbert James has managed to keep out of trouble by washing the Indian statues in front of the United Cigar store.

The development of the community is being fostered by James Van Buskirk's Realty Company which declares, "You come, you see, you buy!"

Tom Collison, head groom at the Thompson Bros. stable, has recently been employed to remove the cowlick which Bernice Thorne received at Bob Dailey's dairy show.

Homer Travis has become renowned overnight by perfecting a chewing gum which can be thoroughly enjoyed without motion from the jaws. His success has been due in large part to the Conway Human Advertisement Company.

Doris Howell's laundry is progressing famously under the inauguration of a hitherto unbelieveable process. It is one which returns a spotless, tagless wash, containing one's clothes and nothing but one's own clothes.



Miss Helen Emert is now sailing the seas with H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, for she is now Mrs. H. R. H.

Arabelle Chambers' employment bureau has furnished the extra servants for Gloria Thompson's charity ball. All persons who attended pronounced the well-trained servants highly satisfactory.

Gertrude Delbrook has been recently elected head of an institution to correct and prevent deformed feet. Miss Delbrook maintains that experience is the best teacher.

Paul Weir's startling invention of a Christmas tree with permanently attached needles is vouched for by Miss Dorothy Crosley. "I am still using mine after fifteen years of hard wear," she declares emphatically. "All who visit our glue factory are stuck on it," guarantees Walter Reed, the head glue master in our principal glue factory.

Far into the night Dana Chandler's voice can be heard crying, "Peanuts, peanuts, who'll buy a peanut?" His chief toaster and able assistant is Francis Ray.

Louise Karle has devoted herself to philanthropic work; she delights little kiddies' hearts by carolling nursery rhymes through the streets at bedtime.

The hand-carved tombstone company of Charles Preston has recently employed, with an eye to increasing the business, Truman O. Ewing, the epitaph writer.

Among those who are most interested in the child problem is "Kenny" Myers, who has recently established a "Child Inn," suggested to him by the famous "Auto Inn" in Indianapolis.

Margaret Renick, who is deeply involved, is teaching music to incorrigibles.

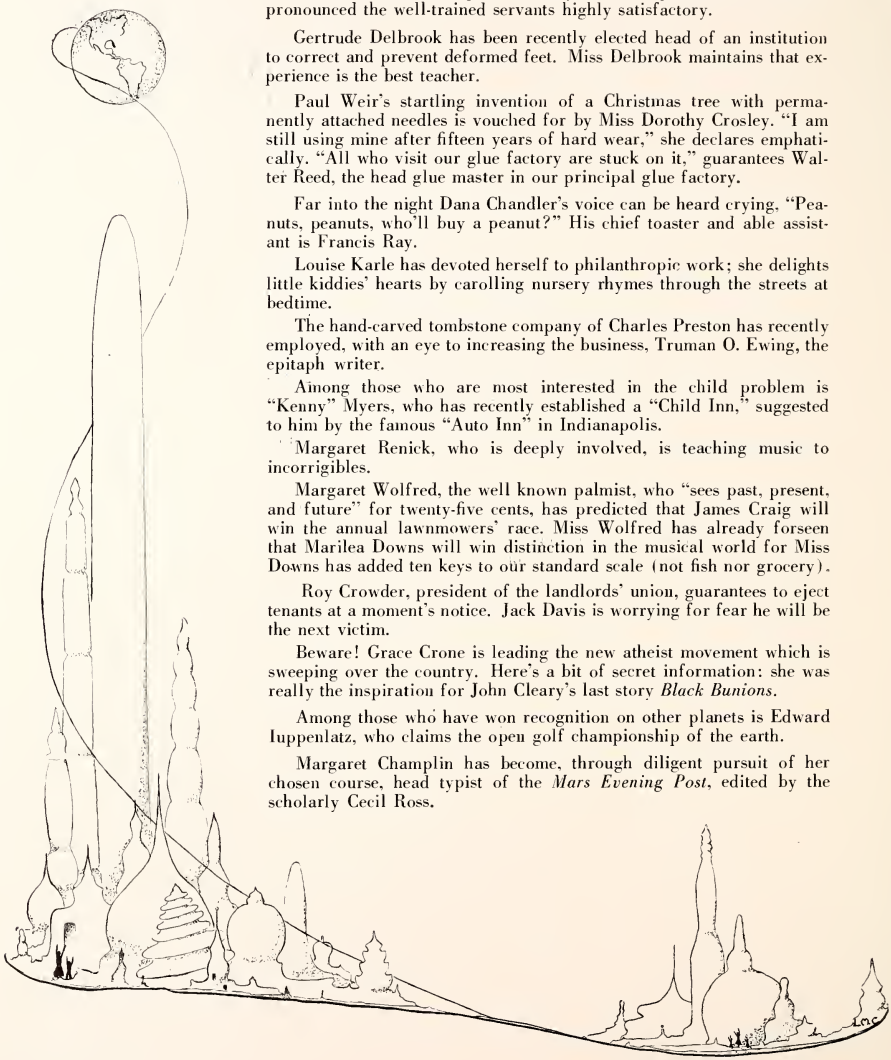
Margaret Wolfred, the well known palmist, who "sees past, present, and future" for twenty-five cents, has predicted that James Craig will win the annual lawnmowers' race. Miss Wolfred has already forseen that Marilea Downs will win distinction in the musical world for Miss Downs has added ten keys to our standard scale (not fish nor grocery).

Roy Crowder, president of the landlords' union, guarantees to eject tenants at a moment's notice. Jack Davis is worrying for fear he will be the next victim.

Beware! Grace Crone is leading the new atheist movement which is sweeping over the country. Here's a bit of secret information: she was really the inspiration for John Cleary's last story *Black Bunions.*

Among those who have won recognition on other planets is Edward Iuppenlatz, who claims the open golf championship of the earth.

Margaret Champlin has become, through diligent pursuit of her chosen course, head typist of the *Mars Evening Post*, edited by the scholarly Cecil Ross.



In the last issue there was a feature article on Val Wolf, our latest ambassador to England, whose popularity may be likened to that which the Prince of Wales enjoyed many years ago.

An astonishing invention of an unbreakable shoestring has just been completed by Fred Hillyer. Because of his vast correspondence, including thousands of requests for his picture, he has been forced to employ Hilda Kreft as his secretary.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has just awarded a prize to Roberta Trent for being its fastest operator.

The largest existing chain of filling stations, where oil is freely handed out, is operated by Bud Hook.

Allen Jameson has become quite a lady-killer since he has been modeling for "a skin you love to touch."

Sheriff Kathleen Jefry of Blue County has just appointed Raymond Kirk as mail carrier of rural route three.

In the same locality Bob Pitts and Cora Reidman are operating a fish hatchery for polywogs.

Have you noticed the many air holes in the candy of the Martian branches of the Komstock Candy Company? Bob Orbison is the industrious worker who punches them.

If you want to find Robert Reiner, the street car conductor, just go down to Lorene Rosebaum's delicatessen. Robert always had a peculiar appetite for pastry.

"Five As Cheaply As One" is what Midge Tyler sees every time she looks at the door of her taxi.

Jean Vestal is financing Weldon Worth's enterprise of manufacturing a record that lasts all evening.

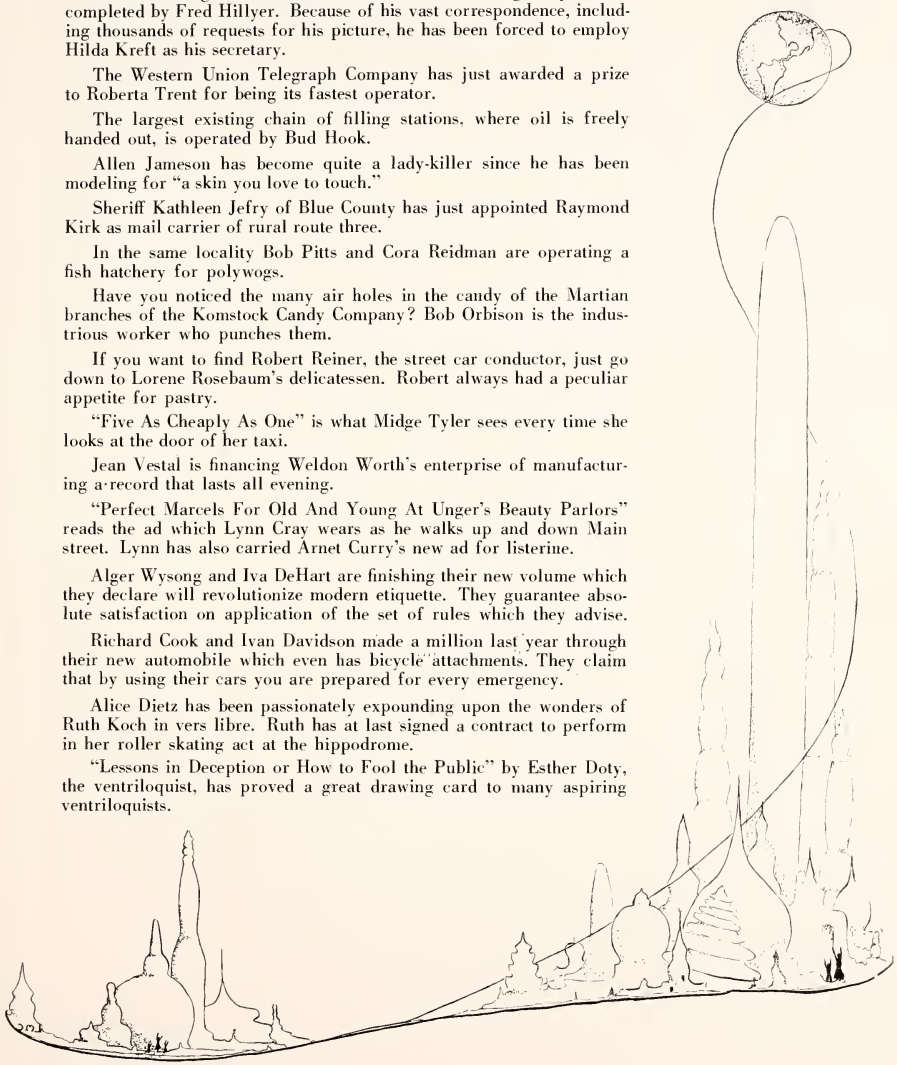
"Perfect Marcels For Old And Young At Unger's Beauty Parlors" reads the ad which Lynn Cray wears as he walks up and down Main street. Lynn has also carried Arnet Curry's new ad for listerine.

Alger Wysong and Iva DeHart are finishing their new volume which they declare will revolutionize modern etiquette. They guarantee absolute satisfaction on application of the set of rules which they advise.

Richard Cook and Ivan Davidson made a million last year through their new automobile which even has bicycle attachments. They claim that by using their cars you are prepared for every emergency.

Alice Dietz has been passionately expounding upon the wonders of Ruth Koch in vers libre. Ruth has at last signed a contract to perform in her roller skating act at the hippodrome.

"Lessons in Deception or How to Fool the Public" by Esther Doty, the ventriloquist, has proved a great drawing card to many aspiring ventriloquists.



Helen DeVelling benefited society by discovering a powder which prevents yawns from becoming contagious.

Mary Ennis has taken the place of Pauline Frederick. Only the most expert can detect the difference between Mary and Pauline.

And now, if you think you will require their services, we recommend to you the capable firm of "Goodwin and Stout, Undertakers."

For you have heard how things will be,
Now each one knows his destiny.

ALICE CARTER AND JAMES DAGGETT

Rededication of Liberty Grove

Beneath these shadowed trees of fame we stand
Remembering those who from our native land
Went forth to conquer as befits Tech's sons,
Long taught by her to fight and face the guns.

Each tree a towering tribute to the name
Of him for whom it rises to proclaim
His deeds. We cannot but admire the strength
That forced the foe beyond the danger length.

In solemn pride we dedicate anew
This grove to Liberty and Loyalty, true blue.
No monument more fit could we erect—
There is no man-carved stone but has defect.

Long after we have gone will it remain
Its purity of purpose to maintain.
Not one upreaching, living, breathing tree
But groping toward a blue Infinity.

KARL BOTTKE

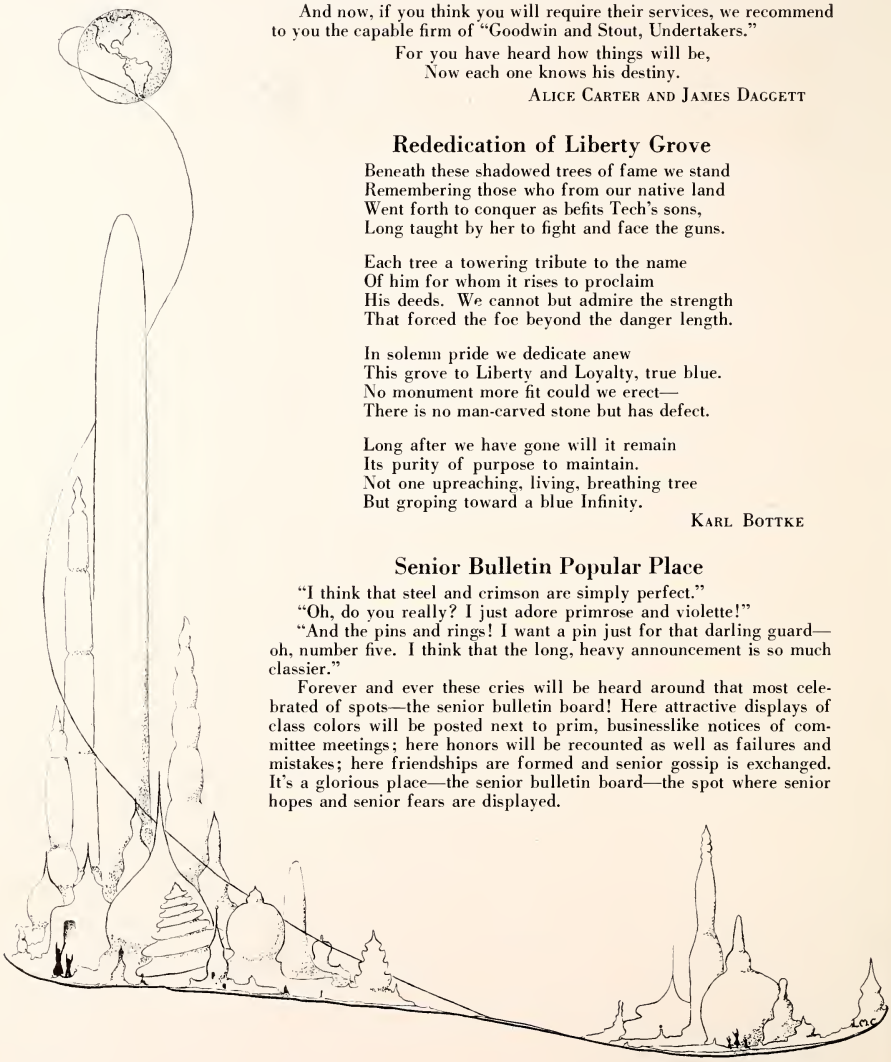
Senior Bulletin Popular Place

"I think that steel and crimson are simply perfect."

"Oh, do you really? I just adore primrose and violette!"

"And the pins and rings! I want a pin just for that darling guard—oh, number five. I think that the long, heavy announcement is so much classier."

Forever and ever these cries will be heard around that most celebrated of spots—the senior bulletin board! Here attractive displays of class colors will be posted next to prim, businesslike notices of committee meetings; here honors will be recounted as well as failures and mistakes; here friendships are formed and senior gossip is exchanged. It's a glorious place—the senior bulletin board—the spot where senior hopes and senior fears are displayed.



SCENE FROM "THE MESSAGE FROM MARS"

The Message from Mars

Cast of Characters

Horace Parker.....E. Edward Green
Aunt Martha (Miss Parker).....Faye Thomas
Mary Templar (adopted sister to Horace).....Helen Emert
Arthur Dicey.....Val Wolf
Bella, servant at the Parkers'.....Arabelle Chambers
A Tramp.....John Henley
A Messenger from Mars.....Fred Kirgis
Mrs. Clarence.....Marian Seeds
Sir Edward Vivian.....Cecil Ross
Footman.....Robert King

Guests at Mrs. Clarence's Party:

Mary Ennis, Gertrude Delbrook, Frances Schube, Alice Carter, Helen Lesher, Margaret Wolfred, Von Scherb, Jack Wiley, Gordon Haggard, Gerritt Hutchinson, Russell Langsenkemp, Edward Fisher.

Dr. Chapman.....August Hook
Flower Girl.....Flora Brenton
A Policeman.....Darrell Snyder
Jim .....George Buskirk
Polly, his wife.....Elizabeth Moschenross
A Newsboy.....James Daggett
Wounded Child.....Doris Howell

Crowd in Street, Accident, and Refugees from Fires

Everett Schmidt, James Van Buskirk, George Sunkel, Russell Arnett, Helen DeVelling, Josephine King, Hilda Kreft, Elizabeth Gest, Mary Goodwin, Elizabeth Hess, Priscilla Pittinger, Martha Rutherford.

Senior Play Committees

Business Manager—Cecil Ross, assisted by Robert Pitts and Robert Orbison.
Advertising Manager—Robert Stonehill.
Properties—Charles Gardner, Mary Frey, Ray Close. Kathleen Jefry, Harry Murdock.
Costumes—Mary Ennis, Dorothy Fife, James Daggett, Jack Wiley, Helen Lesher.

TRUE BLUE TECHITES

Words and Music by
ARABELLE CHAMBERS

Tech - ni - cal, Tech - ni - cal, We say fare - well, your prais - es our
Tech - ni - cal, Tech - ni - cal, We say good - bye, our hopes and am-

June class of twen-ty-five shall tell. For memories to guide as a star ev-er
bi - tions be - fore us do lie. No task is too great but we prom-ise to

bright; For friend-ships to cher-ish as Life's guid-ing Light; Sail-ing not
gain; No glo - ry too no-ble our class to at-tain; As sail-ors who

drift-ing toward ideals and dreams- From this our motto the Tech col-ors stream At the
dare but to dream of the best, to sail Tech not drift towards Life's Golden West. We shall

port of suc - cess we shall an-chor from sea Staunch Techites true
prove ev - er true where e'er we shall be staunch Techites true

blue, Tech, to thee.
blue, Tech, to thee.

Chas. Yowler

ACTIVITIES
ROSE STRAFFA

Senior Orchestra

Spanish Club

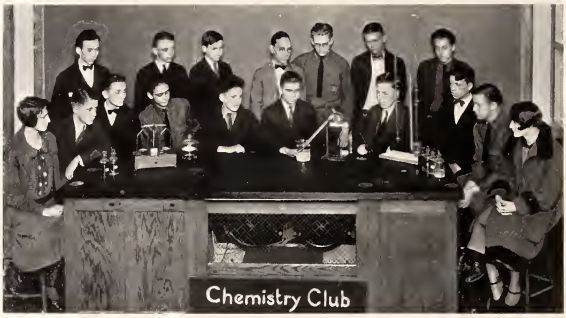
Boys' Glee Club

Junior Orchestra

Math Club

Marriage Festival

Debating Club



Chemistry Club

History Club

Latin Club

Nature Study Club

Concert Band

Lunch Room Club

Rifle Team

Home Economics Club

All in a Semester's Time

Nine thousand feet of lumber were consumed by the wood shops during a period of three months. The lumber was used by the students for furniture and cabinets, all of which were for school use and for repairs about the campus.

Scenery for the senior play was prepared by the carpentry students at about one-third the expense that an outside firm would have charged. Other projects have been: three hundred upholstered foot stools, one hundred and eighty-five drawing boards for the drawing department, twelve large tables for the use of the faculty, a cabinet for the institutional cooking class, and a wire and storage rack for the sheet metal shop. Work is progressing on the market house where the products of the agricultural department will be sold to the public. The carpentry students accomplished much repair work that would otherwise have been left undone, such as: patching the roof and laying a new floor in the old rifle range building for use as an athletic storeroom; repairing the bleachers, doors, hurdles, and jumping standards; and erecting the backstop on the athletic field.

The wood shop instructors have no assistants, all billing of lumber being done by the students as a part of their vocational training.

Football hero, basketball too—
Star track-hurdler, President- (Whew!)
If I'd keep on, I'd die off swift.
There's too many honors belong to Clift.

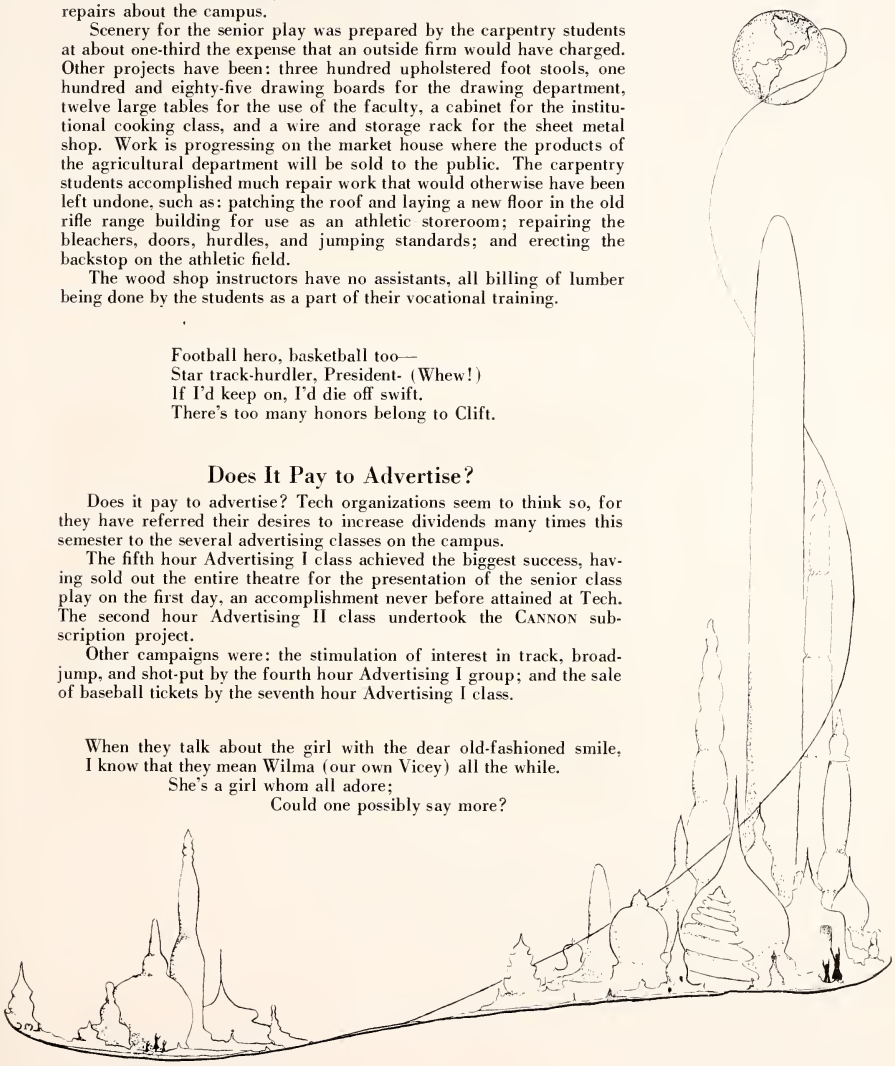
Does It Pay to Advertise?

Does it pay to advertise? Tech organizations seem to think so, for they have referred their desires to increase dividends many times this semester to the several advertising classes on the campus.

The fifth hour Advertising I class achieved the biggest success, having sold out the entire theatre for the presentation of the senior class play on the first day, an accomplishment never before attained at Tech. The second hour Advertising II class undertook the CANNON subscription project.

Other campaigns were: the stimulation of interest in track, broad-jump, and shot-put by the fourth hour Advertising I group; and the sale of baseball tickets by the seventh hour Advertising I class.

When they talk about the girl with the dear old-fashioned smile,
I know that they mean Wilma (our own Vicey) all the while.
She's a girl whom all adore;
Could one possibly say more?



Senior Committees

Finance: Donald Hawkins, Frederic Kirgis, Harry Stout, Margaret Gibbs, Tom Collison.

Constitutional: Robert Orbison, James Daggett, Harold Sloan.

Social: Phoebe Farmer, Arabelle Chambers, Gertrude Delbrook, Edward Harris, Robert Pitts.

Class Day: Alice Carter, Kathryn Mullen, Nina Lowman, Robert Stonehill.

Color: Bernice Thorne, Mac Hollingsworth, Margaret Renick, Margaret Riddle, Dorothy Black.

Motto: Elizabeth Moschenross, Hilda Kreft, Karl Bottke, George Miller, Priscilla Pittenger.

Play: Mary Ennis, Helen Emert, Mary Frey, Charles Gardner, Cecil Ross.

Pin and Ring: Leland Burford, Edward Taggart, Helen DeVelling, Leo Wood, Elizabeth Gest.

Announcement: Allen Shimer, James Glore, Jean Vestal, Malcolm Carlisle, Esther Kellams.

Gift: Lillian Schuck, Richard Springer, Mary Goodwin, Flora Brenton, Frank White.

Picture: Truman Ewing, Lucile Shaw, Mildred Tyler, Josephine King, James Van Buskirk.

Flower: Dorothy Fife, Melba Bowen, Eleanore Myers, Iris Beadle, Martha Rutherford.

Tree Day: Marian Seeds, Margaret Wolfred, George Buskirk, Willard Bray, Dana Chandler.

Dear fellow seniors, we want you all to greet
Minute-taker Campbell, the brightest on the street—
Miss Secretary "Beany"; you can't with her compete.

Senior Bowknots

Four hundred thirty June seniors were supplied on an average with three bowknots of senior colors, primrose and violette, at five cents per bow, making a total receipt of $63.00.

A voice big and deep,
A contagious grin,
Almost six feet,
And a plenty of chin!
Who? Shylock Don! That's enough for him!

June Seniors Sail to Mars

We sat in hushed silence, gazing expectantly at the dimly lighted indoor stage in the lunch room. It was the night of nights for the June seniors—their class night.

Presently, as we waited, there appeared two lovely dancing maidens, swaying rhythmically to the strains of soft music. Then, as they glided away, a silvery green light fell in a single beautiful shaft across the stage in the center of which the class prophets in fantastic garb pronounced our destinies.

As we sat, spellbound, what to our wondering eyes should appear but the ship of the June class, '25. It was, we learned from the prophets, to carry them to Mars, now inhabitable. The pilot and his companions on board we recognized as class officers. The will-makers then willed with all due solemnity the class's possessions to the school and to the succeeding generations. Amid laughter and chatter and with a farewell shout they embarked.

"True Blue Techites" floated back to us as they drifted at first, and then, blown by a full strong breeze, sailed proudly away.

A Resume of Senior Meetings

At the first meeting of the June seniors which was held on November nineteenth in the new lunch room, Donald Higgins, January '25 president, welcomed the June seniors, speaking of the responsibilities and privileges soon to be given them. Mr. Stuart talked about the future prospects of the class and the necessity and benefit of carrying the spirit of courtesy, cheerfulness, and comradeship throughout the last year at Tech and into the life before them.

The second meeting of the class took place on January thirteenth. The five officers of the class gave their inaugural talks, and the president announced the committees.

The last class meeting was held on April twentieth. The president read the announcements, superintended the filling in of questionnaires concerning the future plans of the seniors, and presented a class pin to Mr. Stuart, who responded with a talk showing his friendly feeling toward the seniors and his appreciation of the gift.

Tech Library Kept Busy

Tech's library has earned its reputation for being one of the liveliest corners of the campus. The numbers dealt in are amazing. Over twenty-five hundred cards have been issued this year, and over five-hundred books, besides some fifty magazines, have been received this semester. A new library class of nine girls and one boy, formed this semester, increased the entire number of students connected with the library to twenty-three.

Dressmakers Are Kept Busy

The vocational course in dressmaking gives the girls a clearer insight into the art of that profession and practical training whereby they can immediately enter any dressmaking shop.

Nine girls who had previous training in the Clothing and Art departments have been enrolled under Miss Barrows and have received two credits for four class periods a day. During the first three weeks each girl made a garment for herself; then each made two dresses for customers who were either teachers of Tech or outside friends.

Each customer interviewed the girl who was to make her dress, and together they decided upon material, pattern, style, and color. Three fittings were necessary while the garment was being made. A small maintenance charge was made, usually twenty per cent of the cost of materials with a minimum of one dollar.

Sergeant Augustus Ferdinand Hook
Sails on a ship down Pogues Run Brook.
Alas! Our hero cannot be stayed;
He's commander-in-chief of the "Order" crusade.

Tech Bakeshop Progresses

Indications are that in the future slender, graceful figures will be passe and large, portly ones will be in vogue. The reason for the prediction of such corpulency can be stated in two words "Tech Bakeshop!"

The girls in the Cooking IV and Foods classes are receiving invaluable experience in the bakeshop. Not only will they be prepared to do their own cooking but also to start bakeries. Three girls in the present class have this immediate prospect.

Each lunch period on Monday and Wednesday girls in snow-white caps and dainty aprons display their delicious concoctions and take orders. The attractive table, alert girls, and luscious food appeal to a few of the five senses, if not to all. As a result approximately forty orders are taken a day, to be filled two days later.

Tech Honors in R. O. T. C.

What has the R. O. T. C. done for Tech? It has won the distinction of being an honor school for three consecutive years, an achievement which only one other school has attained.

In a competitive drill between the three Indianapolis high schools, the Tech drill team has won first place for three years.

The rifle team, competing with sixteen teams from the Fifth Corps Area, won third place with a score of 7,401 points and eighth place in the National Rifle Match, this year.

Accomplishments in Tech's Foundry

The foundry students have accomplished projects this semester that measure up to the high standards which Tech always sets, having produced work that is on a par with that of any professional foundry. The course embodies work in the making of molds and the handling of metals: iron, copper, bronze, and aluminum.

A few of the variety of articles that they have made are: ash trays, books ends, Lincoln heads (for decorating books ends), shots for the shotput, dumbbells for the gym, and anvils, not only for school use but also for outside consumption.

Heavenly Mars!

Were it only true at Tech!

A bell—the last. Late again, but that is all right. It only makes the third time this week and dear teacher will understand. In fact, she offered to telephone me when it's time to get up in the morning, but I wouldn't let her. She does too much anyway. No, I will sacrifice myself; I would rather be late and miss the first part of my lesson every morning than make her telephone. Oh dear! but such is life!

"Mother, may I leave the table now?"

"Certainly, dear, but aren't you going to eat your spinach?"

"No, I hate the stuff; besides, I have to get ready."

"You don't like it, but it's good for you,—well, we won't have it any more, dear. Are you going out tonight?"

"Yes."

"Have you plenty of money?"

"Oh yes, mother."

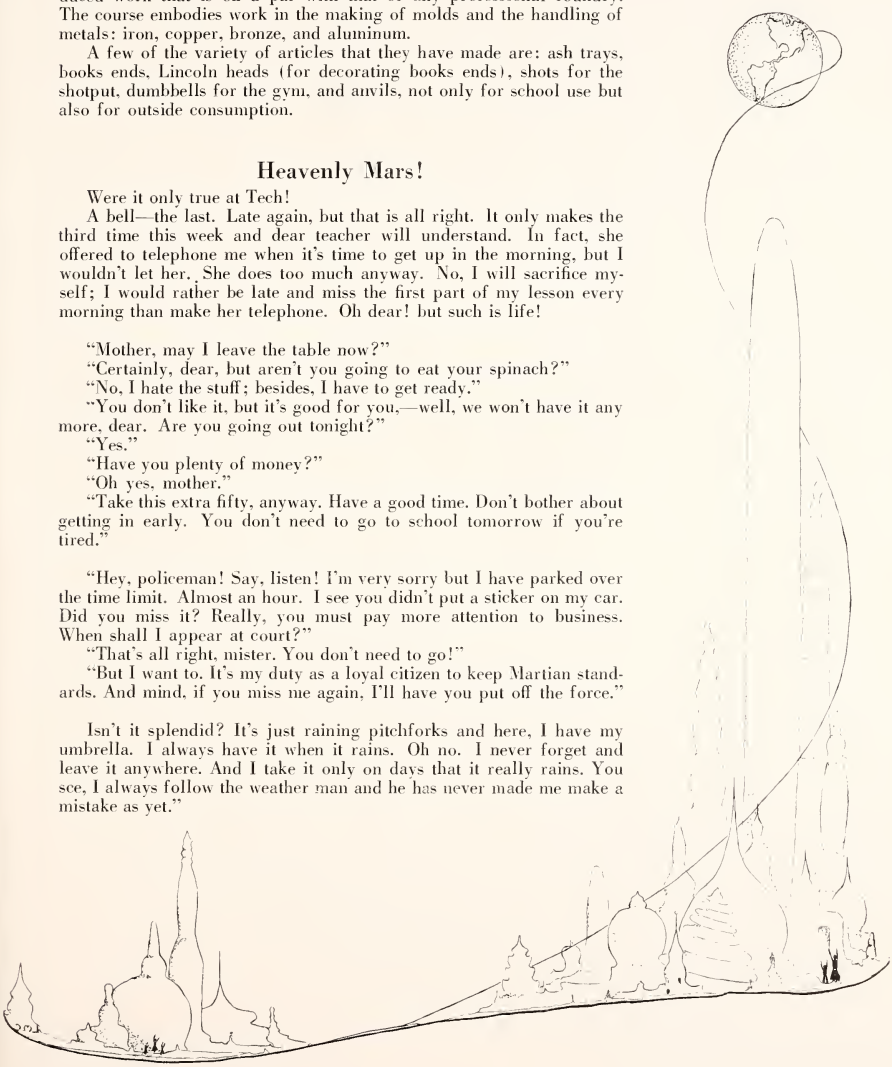
"Take this extra fifty, anyway. Have a good time. Don't bother about getting in early. You don't need to go to school tomorrow if you're tired."

"Hey, policeman! Say, listen! I'm very sorry but I have parked over the time limit. Almost an hour. I see you didn't put a sticker on my car. Did you miss it? Really, you must pay more attention to business. When shall I appear at court?"

"That's all right, mister. You don't need to go!"

"But I want to. It's my duty as a loyal citizen to keep Martian standards. And mind, if you miss me again, I'll have you put off the force."

Isn't it splendid? It's just raining pitchforks and here, I have my umbrella. I always have it when it rains. Oh no. I never forget and leave it anywhere. And I take it only on days that it really rains. You see, I always follow the weather man and he has never made me make a mistake as yet."



THE ARSENAL CANNON

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As The Year Closes

"Farewell! a word that must be and hath been; a sound which makes us linger; yet—farewell."—BYRON

After long hours of happiness, after days of joy and of despair, the semester is over, bringing to a close one of the happiest school years in the lives of Tech students. For some of us it is just a good-bye for the summer; a good-bye which will be followed by a glad hello next fall. But for the seniors it will be a good-bye to Tech, good-bye to high school life, studies, teachers, and chums—perhaps forever.

The seniors will never forget Tech. They will come back to visit often; but the old feeling of belonging to Tech, of being active sons of their alma mater will be gone. They have spent four glorious years

here, years filled with joys and pleasures, memories of which will never fade. Now it is time for them to say farewell—farewell to Tech—to the school which has helped them mold their characters, which has given them a standard of living, and which has set for them an ideal and a goal.

The Miracle of Experience

One day the gods sat in high council to consider the soul of the Man Who Had Everything. This man had been an experiment of the deities who had wondered just what a man who was given, without his making any effort to secure them, love, money, comradeship, good health, intelligence, and a sense of humor, would make of himself. Now, the divine countenances were grave as they looked at the soul and realized that, as a reward for their effort, it was so like in size and quality to that of a swine as to make it difficult to distinguish between the two!

Those who scorned the project from its inception laughed derisively, suggesting that the only thing the gods had not bestowed upon this man was an actual miracle and inquiring why they didn't likewise cast this honor at his feet. From the eyes of the Father All Powerful, lightning flashed, and his voice rolled in awful thunder as he decreed that in desperation this last remedy should be attempted.

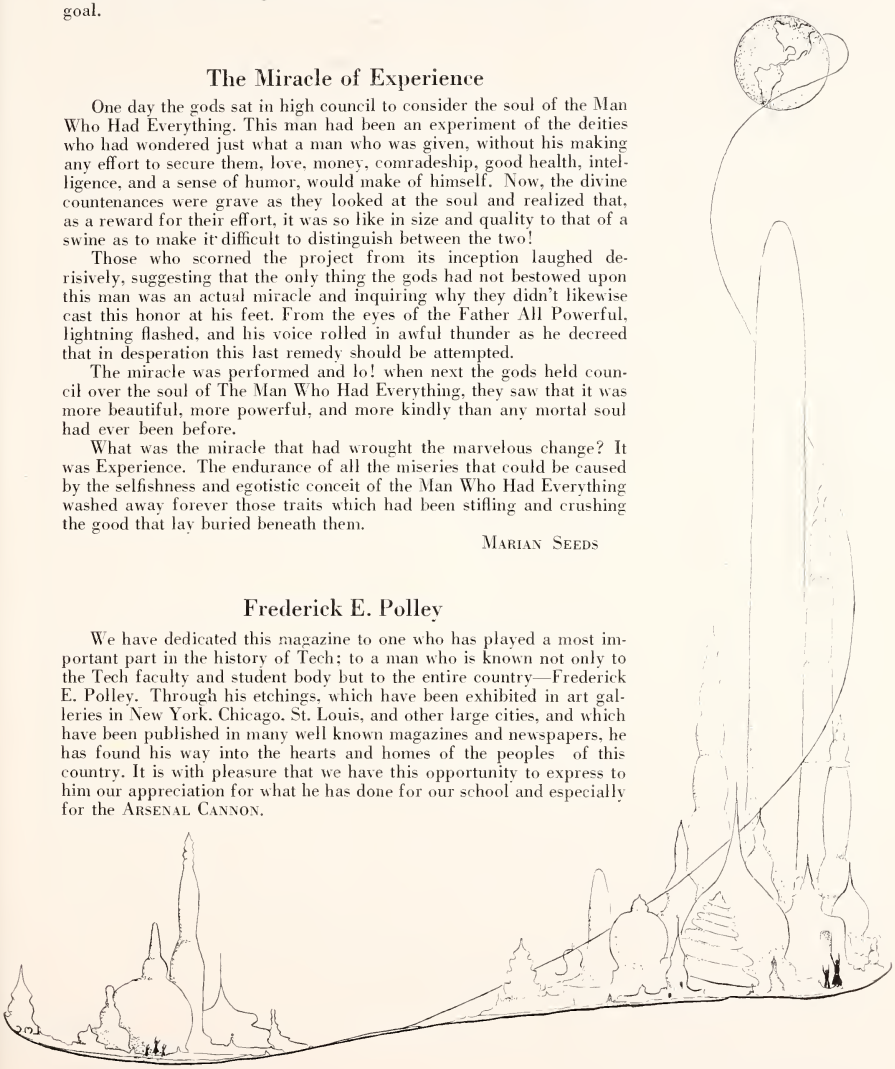
The miracle was performed and lo! when next the gods held council over the soul of The Man Who Had Everything, they saw that it was more beautiful, more powerful, and more kindly than any mortal soul had ever been before.

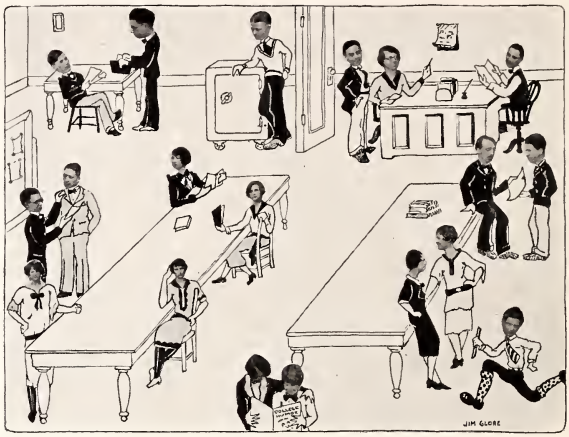
What was the miracle that had wrought the marvelous change? It was Experience. The endurance of all the miseries that could be caused by the selfishness and egotistic conceit of the Man Who Had Everything washed away forever those traits which had been stifling and crushing the good that lay buried beneath them.

MARIAN SEEDS

Frederick E. Polley

We have dedicated this magazine to one who has played a most important part in the history of Tech; to a man who is known not only to the Tech faculty and student body but to the entire country—Frederick E. Polley. Through his etchings, which have been exhibited in art galleries in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and other large cities, and which have been published in many well known magazines and newspapers, he has found his way into the hearts and homes of the peoples of this country. It is with pleasure that we have this opportunity to express to him our appreciation for what he has done for our school and especially for the ARSENAL CANNON.





STAFF I MEDITATES

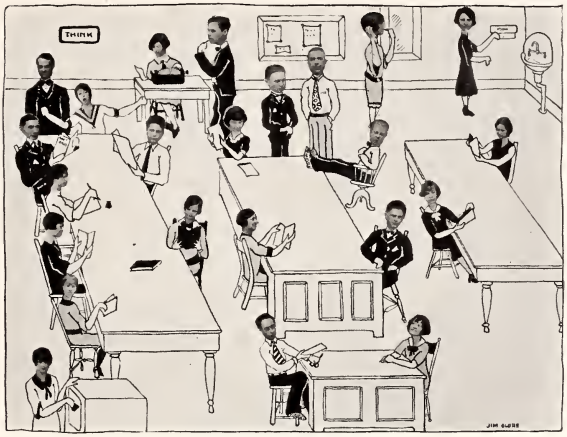
Father

How often have you heard young folk speak of their fathers as the 'old man'? He may look old and have old ideas, but in years he is not so old. Worries and hardships have caused his gray hair. He may wear a last year's hat, his vest may hang a little loose, and his trousers may bag at the knees; still, is that a reason to call him 'old man'? Perhaps his nails may need manicuring and his face may show a second-day's growth. He may even carry a tin pail full of dents and doughnuts, but don't call him the 'old man'; he's your *father*.

For years and years he has been hustling about to get things together and keep them together. Never once has he failed to do the right thing by you. He thinks you are the greatest boy on earth, even though you plaster your hair back, wear smart clothes, and fail to bring home a cent. He is the man who won the love of the greatest woman on earth—your mother.

He is 'some man', not the 'old man.' PAUL LAMBERT

"A good listener is usually thinkin' about somethin' else"
—*Abe Martin.*



WHILE STAFF II WORKS

An Appreciation

We wish to extend our appreciation to the Commercial Art department for the many attractive cuts which they have made for the CANNON; to the print-shop boys for their untiring efforts in making the CANNON a success; and to all those members of the faculty and student body who have cooperated with the staff in furnishing the latest news and the best literature to the magazine readers.

The cover design, senior panels, and all the mounting of pictures in this issue are the work of Arnold Phillips. The page border was made by Margaret Carr.

Speaking of extremes—that lad from Mars reports from his observations that Ruth Millholland is the baby, as to age, of the senior class, while Josephine King is the infant in size.

"Some folks trot out their middle names like there waz somethin' in it."—*Abe Martin.*

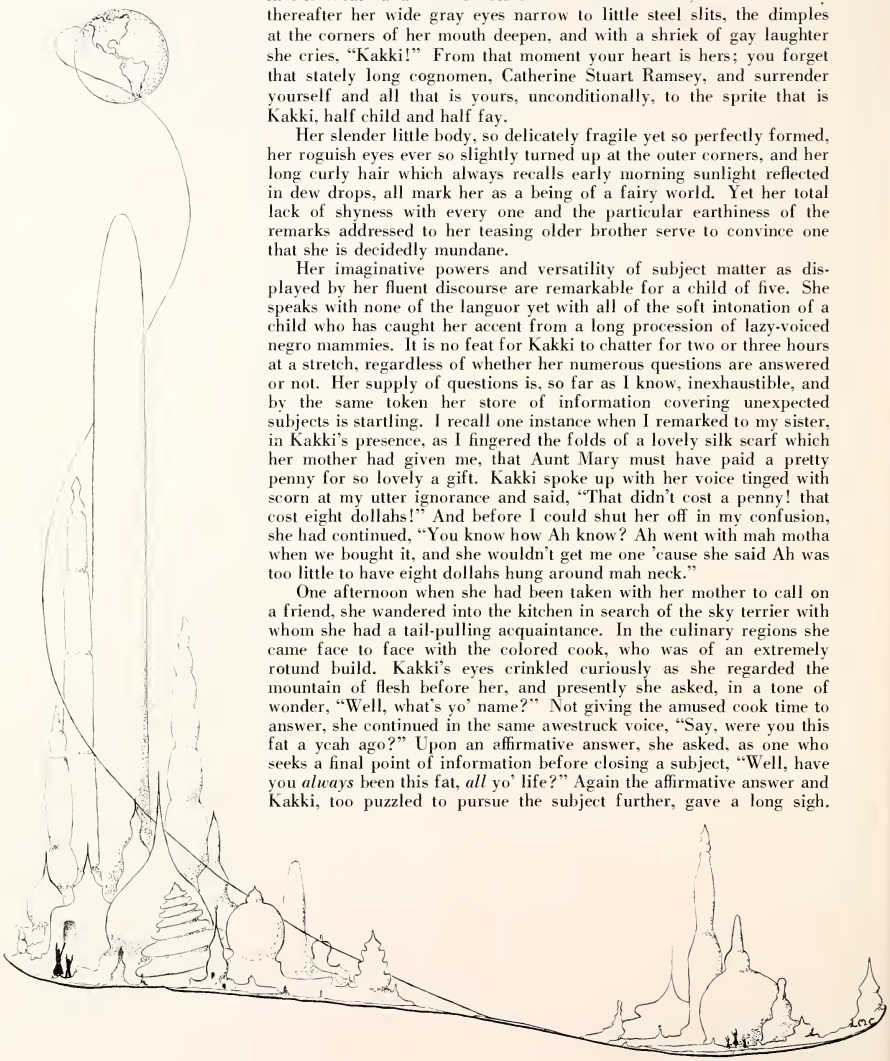
Kakki

If you ask her what her name is, she grows as nearly grave as her elfish spirit will permit and replies, "Cathurn-Sturt-Ramsy." All this is in one breath and on one note of her flute-like voice, but immediately thereafter her wide gray eyes narrow to little steel slits, the dimples at the corners of her mouth deepen, and with a shriek of gay laughter she cries, "Kakki!" From that moment your heart is hers; you forget that stately long cognomen, Catherine Stuart Ramsey, and surrender yourself and all that is yours, unconditionally, to the sprite that is Kakki, half child and half fay.

Her slender little body, so delicately fragile yet so perfectly formed, her roguish eyes ever so slightly turned up at the outer corners, and her long curly hair which always recalls early morning sunlight reflected in dew drops, all mark her as a being of a fairy world. Yet her total lack of shyness with every one and the particular earthiness of the remarks addressed to her teasing older brother serve to convince one that she is decidedly mundane.

Her imaginative powers and versatility of subject matter as displayed by her fluent discourse are remarkable for a child of five. She speaks with none of the languor yet with all of the soft intonation of a child who has caught her accent from a long procession of lazy-voiced negro mammies. It is no feat for Kakki to chatter for two or three hours at a stretch, regardless of whether her numerous questions are answered or not. Her supply of questions is, so far as I know, inexhaustible, and by the same token her store of information covering unexpected subjects is startling. I recall one instance when I remarked to my sister, in Kakki's presence, as I fingered the folds of a lovely silk scarf which her mother had given me, that Aunt Mary must have paid a pretty penny for so lovely a gift. Kakki spoke up with her voice tinged with scorn at my utter ignorance and said, "That didn't cost a penny! that cost eight dollahs!" And before I could shut her off in my confusion, she had continued, "You know how Ah know? Ah went with mah motha when we bought it, and she wouldn't get me one 'cause she said Ah was too little to have eight dollahs hung around mah neck."

One afternoon when she had been taken with her mother to call on a friend, she wandered into the kitchen in search of the sky terrier with whom she had a tail-pulling acquaintance. In the culinary regions she came face to face with the colored cook, who was of an extremely rotund build. Kakki's eyes crinkled curiously as she regarded the mountain of flesh before her, and presently she asked, in a tone of wonder, "Well, what's yo' name?" Not giving the amused cook time to answer, she continued in the same awestruck voice, "Say, were you this fat a ycah ago?" Upon an affirmative answer, she asked, as one who seeks a final point of information before closing a subject, "Well, have you *always* been this fat, *all* yo' life?" Again the affirmative answer and Kakki, too puzzled to pursue the subject further, gave a long sigh.



Then, remembering her errand, she cried, "Wheah's Tags? Come out from undah that table wheah you' ah hidin', you sassy dog."

The greatest ambition of Kakki's life is to go to a prize fight with her daddy. He has tried to buy his peace with offers of football and baseball games, but Kakki will have none of them. Every time she suspects that her father is going to a prize fight, there is a regular scene with a storm of tears and pleadings on her side and an amused but firm refusal on that of her parents. The idea was put into her head when the little boy next door boasted of having been to a prize fight and plainly intimated that he considered any one's education very incomplete when it had not included the witnessing of such a spectacle. And the world actually believes that Eve tempted Adam to commit the original sin!

They may do what they can to Kakki to make her equal to her own grand name and even to a grander, perhaps, but I know that they can never quench the Puck that dwells within her, for they cannot make her snub nose straight, nor iron out the impudent dimples that lurk at the corners of her mouth.

MARIAN SEEDS

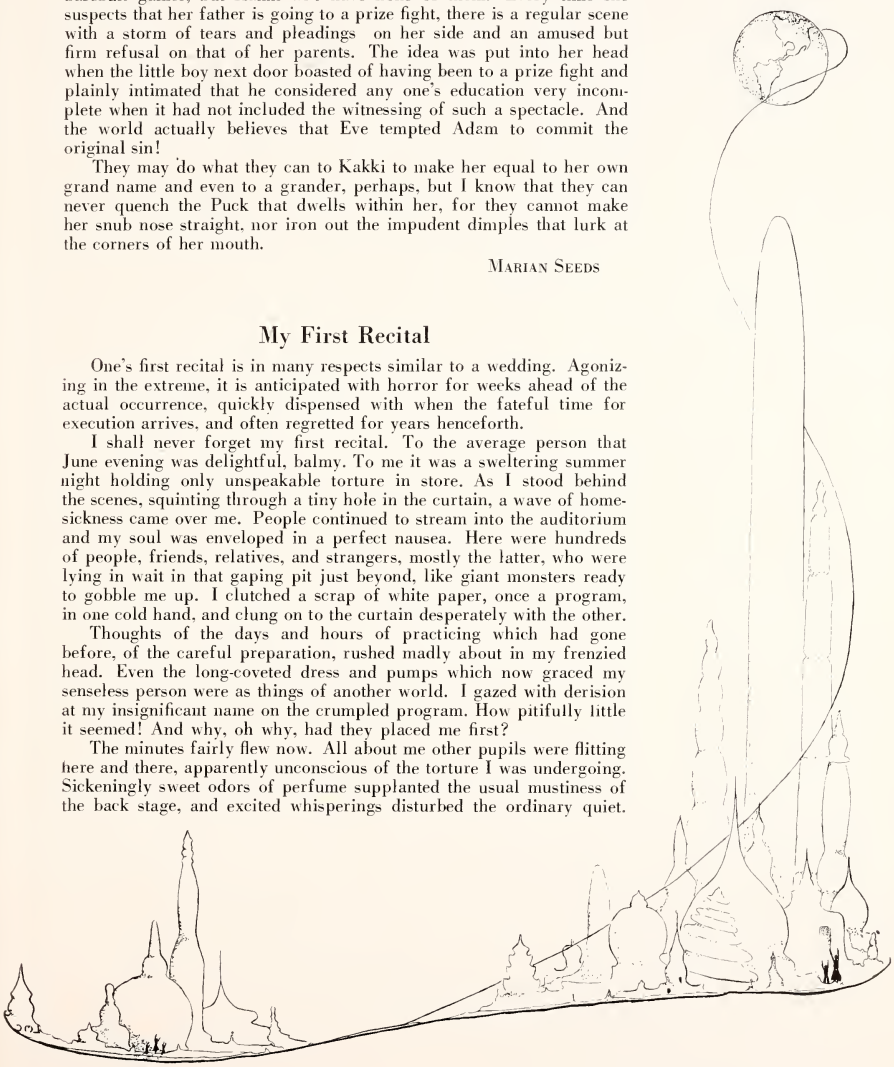
My First Recital

One's first recital is in many respects similar to a wedding. Agonizing in the extreme, it is anticipated with horror for weeks ahead of the actual occurrence, quickly dispensed with when the fateful time for execution arrives, and often regretted for years henceforth.

I shall never forget my first recital. To the average person that June evening was delightful, balmy. To me it was a sweltering summer night holding only unspeakable torture in store. As I stood behind the scenes, squinting through a tiny hole in the curtain, a wave of homesickness came over me. People continued to stream into the auditorium and my soul was enveloped in a perfect nausea. Here were hundreds of people, friends, relatives, and strangers, mostly the latter, who were lying in wait in that gaping pit just beyond, like giant monsters ready to gobble me up. I clutched a scrap of white paper, once a program, in one cold hand, and clung on to the curtain desperately with the other.

Thoughts of the days and hours of practicing which had gone before, of the careful preparation, rushed madly about in my frenzied head. Even the long-coveted dress and pumps which now graced my senseless person were as things of another world. I gazed with derision at my insignificant name on the crumpled program. How pitifully little it seemed! And why, oh why, had they placed me first?

The minutes fairly flew now. All about me other pupils were flitting here and there, apparently unconscious of the torture I was undergoing. Sickeningly sweet odors of perfume supplanted the usual mustiness of the back stage, and excited whisperings disturbed the ordinary quiet.



Then a sudden hush fell like a mist over the entire house. Cold sweat fairly drenched my body; tantalizingly the goose flesh crawled; a "panicky" feeling like that which accompanies a too sudden descent in an elevator from dizzy heights pervaded the regions about my stomach. The first announcement had been made. It was my turn!

Friendly hands pushed me determinedly through a small space, and then a dazzle of gleaming lights danced before my bewildered eyes; beyond them rose a silent sea of black and white called the audience; miles away from me at the opposite end of the stage, the piano calmly waited. It beckoned coldly, and after an interminable length of time, I found myself sitting on the familiarly hard bench. With racing pulses I began, mechanically, to play, and continued, somehow, to do so. On and on, fast and furiously did my fingers fly—up one scale and down another they raced; here, there, everywhere. Giving no thought to what I was playing, trusting to my hands to guide me through, I could hear nothing but the unmerciful pounding of my heart and could feel nothing but hot thrills chasing cold ones up and down my spine. Then, as quickly as they had started, my hands stopped. Where had I been? What had I been playing? Surely I had not finished. An ill-concealed giggle sounded from the regions beyond the footlights, and I could feel my neck growing crimson. Not a sound in the whole vast place! I had a wild desire to flee, but I was somehow glued to the bench. After a supreme struggle, I blindly struck out and finished with a crashing of chords that jarred my whirling head.

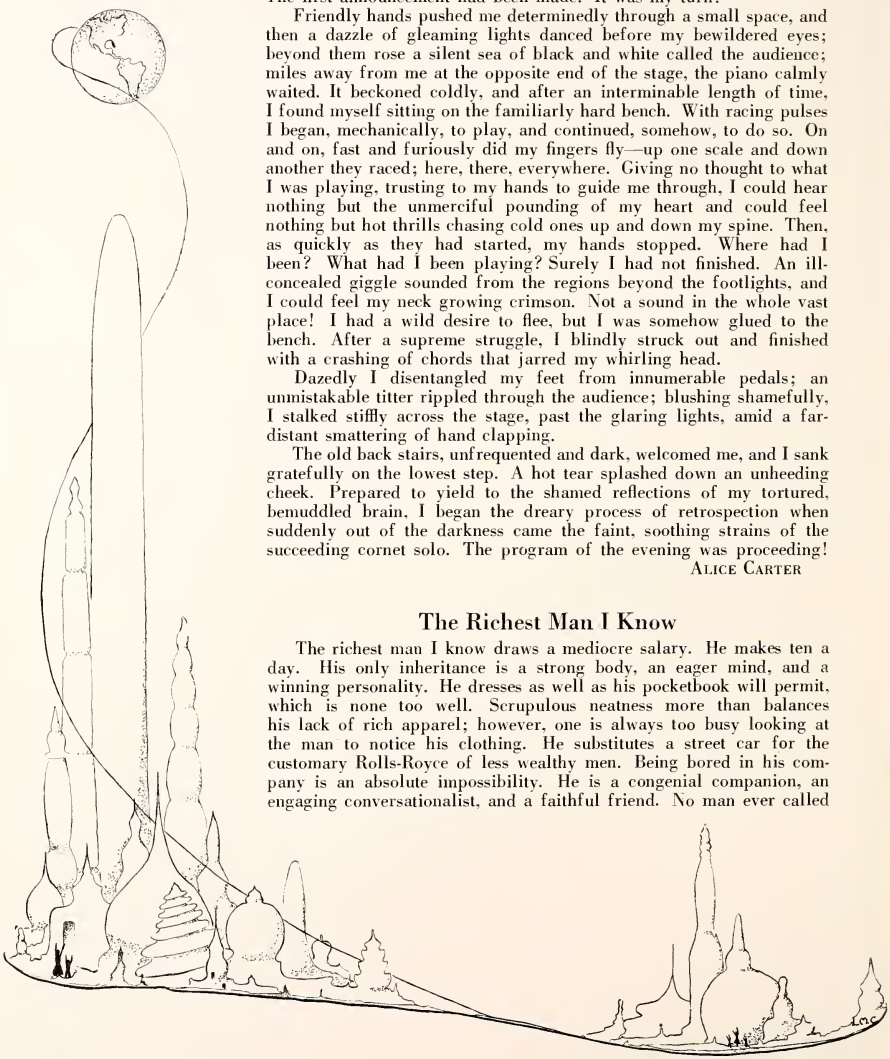
Dazedly I disentangled my feet from innumerable pedals; an unmistakable titter rippled through the audience; blushing shamefully, I stalked stiffly across the stage, past the glaring lights, amid a far-distant smattering of hand clapping.

The old back stairs, unfrequented and dark, welcomed me, and I sank gratefully on the lowest step. A hot tear splashed down an unheeding cheek. Prepared to yield to the shamed reflections of my tortured, bemuddled brain, I began the dreary process of retrospection when suddenly out of the darkness came the faint, soothing strains of the succeeding cornet solo. The program of the evening was proceeding!

ALICE CARTER

The Richest Man I Know

The richest man I know draws a mediocre salary. He makes ten a day. His only inheritance is a strong body, an eager mind, and a winning personality. He dresses as well as his pocketbook will permit, which is none too well. Scrupulous neatness more than balances his lack of rich apparel; however, one is always too busy looking at the man to notice his clothing. He substitutes a street car for the customary Rolls-Royce of less wealthy men. Being bored in his company is an absolute impossibility. He is a congenial companion, an engaging conversationalist, and a faithful friend. No man ever called



him a liar without reconsidering afterward; the fellow that would try it twice deserves a well-padded cell in some state institution. He is not pugnacious, simply self-respecting. His friends would rather postpone a party than give it without him. He is very well educated, but no man could truthfully call him a snob. He made the varsity at college; he's been making the varsity in life ever since. He would talk to the president respectfully, but as to an equal; he talks to a clerk in a manner equally respectful. His word is as good as a treasury note. In addition to his accomplishments among people of his own age, he is always young enough to sympathize with old age. His honest industry and uncomplaining willingness have won for him the admiration and regard of both his employer and fellow-workmen.

He's rich! Makes ten a day. The location of his home is rather surprising, considering his wealth. Rich people usually enjoy contact with their kind. The interior of his home is as redolent with care-free cheerfulness as he is. Despite this priceless atmosphere and his wealth, the furniture looks rather worn and bedraggled. The total absence of pictures and the scarcity of any sort of decoration smack of hard times past and to come. Yet of all men known to me, he is the richest. He would put an Astor to shame, for he makes ten a day. Ten what? Ten friends.

ARTHUR COPE

If Boys Talked As Girls Do

"Oh! Dick, I'm so glad to see you, dear. I haven't seen you for just ages. You look so sweet! That's the dearest tie."

"Why, Art, I've been so busy. Just studying all the time! Oh, here comes Walter. Doesn't he look dear? Hello, Walter honey, how are you?" (Kisses him.)

"Oh! boys, I'm so mad. I only got an A in that class, and I know I deserved A+. Well, I must hurry. Good-bye."

"Oh, the horrid cat. You know he didn't deserve more than a B. But he's a sweet boy, though."

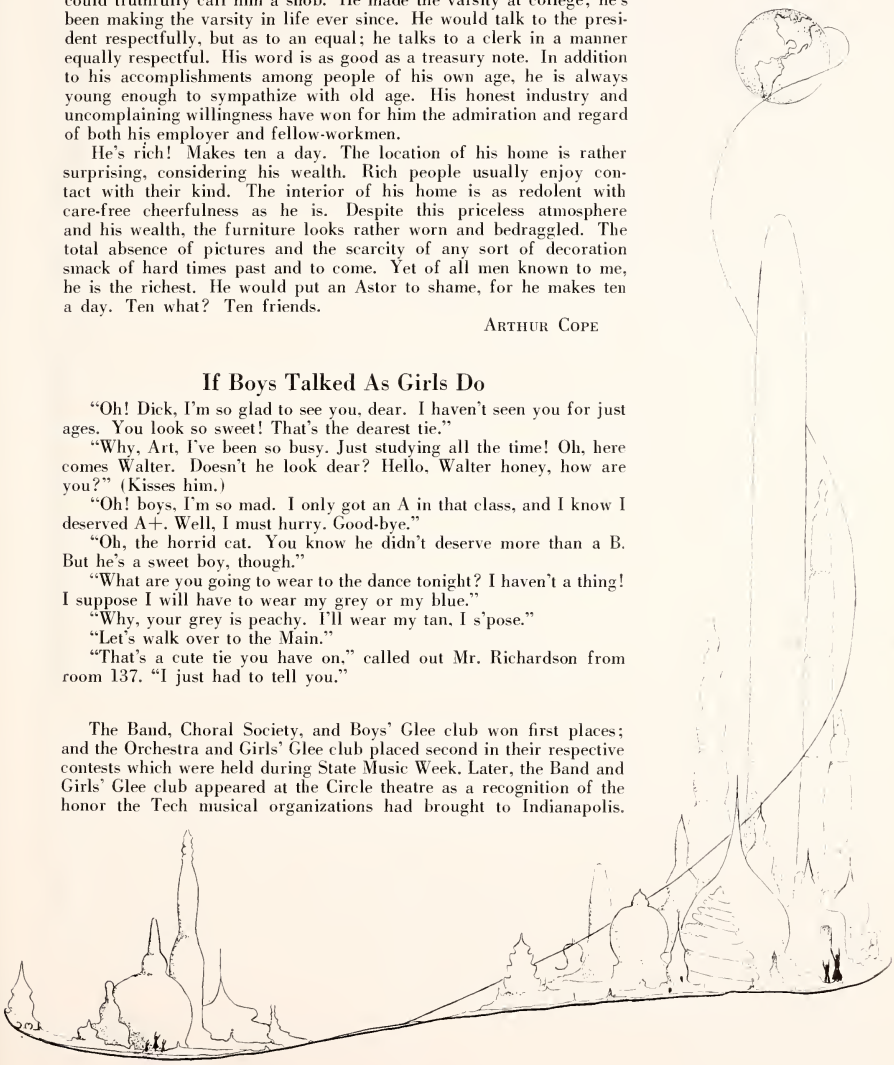
"What are you going to wear to the dance tonight? I haven't a thing! I suppose I will have to wear my grey or my blue."

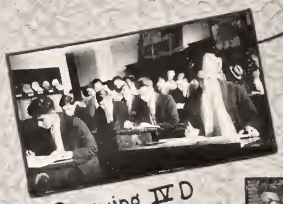
"Why, your grey is peachy. I'll wear my tan, I s'pose."

"Let's walk over to the Main."

"That's a cute tie you have on," called out Mr. Richardson from room 137. "I just had to tell you."

The Band, Choral Society, and Boys' Glee club won first places; and the Orchestra and Girls' Glee club placed second in their respective contests which were held during State Music Week. Later, the Band and Girls' Glee club appeared at the Circle theatre as a recognition of the honor the Tech musical organizations had brought to Indianapolis.





Drawing IV D

Our Librarians

Another "Bunch-up"

Our Dressmakers

At Attention

Cannon Artists

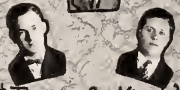
Salute on Tree Day

Beyond the Barracks

Trig. II

The Old Guard

Martian Retreat



"Three of a Kind"

"Hurdles" Home

Off for Mars

SPORTS
JIM GLORE

Tech's 1924-25 Net Team

When the opposing scorers started down the floor, they usually met with a catastrophe somewhere in the vicinity of Clift. During his four years on the varsity, Russell Clift shifted from job to job, but he finally settled down to a steady berth at forward in his senior season.

Since it didn't take long for Tech's opponents to discover Wehrel's elusiveness, he was always forced to play under a heavy defence. In spite of this, however, Al managed to chalk up a fat portion of the Green and White tallies from his forward post.

"Don'" Hawkins was all up in the air over basketball; we mean, he played center. Showing steady improvement throughout the entire year, Hawkins rose to great heights in his last few games.

"Bill" Babcock, otherwise known as Tech's "Rock of Gibraltar," played the best basketball of his career last season to win berths on several local, mythical "all-sectional" teams.

Take the "l" and the "t" out of Glunt and you have a very dangerous thing; to wit, a gun. Warren Glunt played like a slow-motion machine until the time came for action, and then our "old war horse" was all there.

As a sophomore, Earl Grimsley set a pace that would do credit to any veteran forward. The Manual game saw him at his best. He was interrupted in mid-career by an attack of "flu," but found his stride again in time to get into sectional play.

Another year of basketball for Boyd Hickman! Hickman was a trifle off form during the past season, but Tech fans can watch his smoke next year.

Willard Worth, reliable at any position, went through the year as utility man. He proved his caliber against Lawrence in the sectional.

The driver at the wheel of Tech's 1925 basketball machine was Coach John Mueller. When the season trip was completed, it was found that the Green had bumped into twenty big obstacles. Nine of these almost insurmountable obstacles were overcome, but the good car received eleven severe bumps. At the beginning everyone was aghast at the severe task set for even such a mighty machine, but it finished nobly.

GIRLS' VARSITY BASKETBALL SQUAD

Girls Star in Athletics

Bigger, better, brighter than ever—that seems to be the slogan of this year's girl athletes. A greater number of sports, better teams as a whole, a brighter outlook for the future, and best of all, more and more girls turning out each year!

Volley ball, a new feature introduced this year, was enthusiastically received, the showing of the girls in their league games giving promise of a real, winning combination in coming seasons.

Baseball and track also went over big in the girls' camp. More teams and better teams were organized in baseball, making the local, inter-team games more interesting. In track, records galore were broken, the greater competition offered spurring the girls on to new marks.

Above all, a wonderful brand of sportsmanship was displayed throughout the season. Good losers and good winners, the participants enjoyed their athletics because they played for the fun of the game. Miss Abbett and Mrs. Cleveland, the coaches, have been great factors in the accomplishments of Tech gym girls this year.

Season Basketball Scores

The scores of the 1924-25 Tech basketball season were: Tech 14, Newcastle 39; Tech 22, Richmond 20; Tech 35, Shortridge 26; Tech 49, Broad Ripple 21; Tech 30, Manual 33; Tech 34, West Newton 32; Tech 34, Brownsburg 29; Tech 25, Franklin 29; Tech 39, Connersville 40; Tech 26, Bedford 28; Tech 57, Valley Mills 15; Tech 32, Bloomington 40; Tech 30, Jefferson 33; Tech 18, Vincennes 37; Tech 26, Shelbyville 32, Tech 28, Lawrence 16; Tech 19, Shortridge 22.

"Of all th' home teams mother and father is th' best."

—*Abe Martin.*

FAST SCRUB BASKETBALL TEAM

Scrubs Victorious Throughout Ambitious Season

Battling through a season of hard games without a defeat at the hands of a scrub team, the Technical basketball seconds established a record that rates as high as that of any reserve brigade in the state.

Coaches Champ and Herbst instilled into the Green and White scrubs an unconquerable fighting spirit that overcame the best that the state could offer in second teams. The only contest lost during the entire season was to the Beech Grove first team by a 1-point margin, 36 to 35.

The scores of the games were: Tech 46, Carmel 20; Tech 73, New Bethel 5; Tech 40, Manual 27; Tech 41, Lebanon 18; Tech 39, Fortville first team 20; Tech 59, Broad Ripple 8; Tech 35, Beech Grove first team 36; Tech 27, Manual 18; Tech 23, Franklin 17; Tech 37, Shortridge 21; Tech 65, Greenfield 31; Tech 33, Lebanon 21; Tech 33, Greenfield 17; and Tech 36, Shortridge 29. Total: Tech 587, Opponents 288.

Cinder Men Have Good Year

Off to a whirlwind start and gaining momentum with each meet, Coach Black's track and field team was charging down the straightaway, its course directed with precision, towards that goal of goals, the state cinder championship, when the magazine went to press.

Sweeping aside Noblesville, Carmel, Acton, Warren Central, Broad Ripple, Westfield, Kokomo (state champs), Crawfordsville, Greenfield, Elwood, and Shortridge in three meets, the Green showed wonderful power and stamina. In these first three meets alone Tech scored 153

points to the 143 scored by all opponents. This means that on an average Tech tallied twelve times to each score by another school.

The causes behind these results were in the very cogs that made up the Tech cinder machine.

Although slowed down by slight illnesses, the dash unit, composed of Clarence Leet, Rodney Drane, Knoll Kutchback, Harry Murdock, and Fred Wuelfing, was clipping the century and the 220 in good time.

Walter Johnson, Bill Morris, and Don Bell were reeling off the quarter in close to :54 and the half mile in 2:11—fast time in any company.

Combining a clock-like accuracy of stride with a flashy brand of speed, Captain Russell Clift was a constant 5-point man in both the high and low hurdles. Russ lowered his school record for the low hurdles twice in the first three meets of the season, bringing down the time to :27 seconds. In these events he was backed up by Orville Amick, who achieved no small secondary fame.

Wilson was a broad jumper, mainly, but he could get away with the rest of the field events so "niftily" that Tech was usually 20 points to the good per meet. Clifford Wilson jumped 5 feet 8 inches and put the shot 43 feet 10½ inches for two new Tech records.

But—don't forget that Paul Shumaker could jump right along with the next fellow, that Ed McCalip could do almost anything, that Bill Babcock could heave the shot for points, that Fox Thompson and Harry Murdock could broad jump, that Arnold Demmary could manipulate the cinders—could step a fast 440.

And then there were Jim Blake, Vaughn Gayman, Merton Kennedy, Jim Hardin, Bob Waldon, Bill Brass, Art Anderson, and Cecil Ross, who were showing lots of "stuff" on the team and who were Coach Black's, Lampert's, and Chenoweth's "right hands."

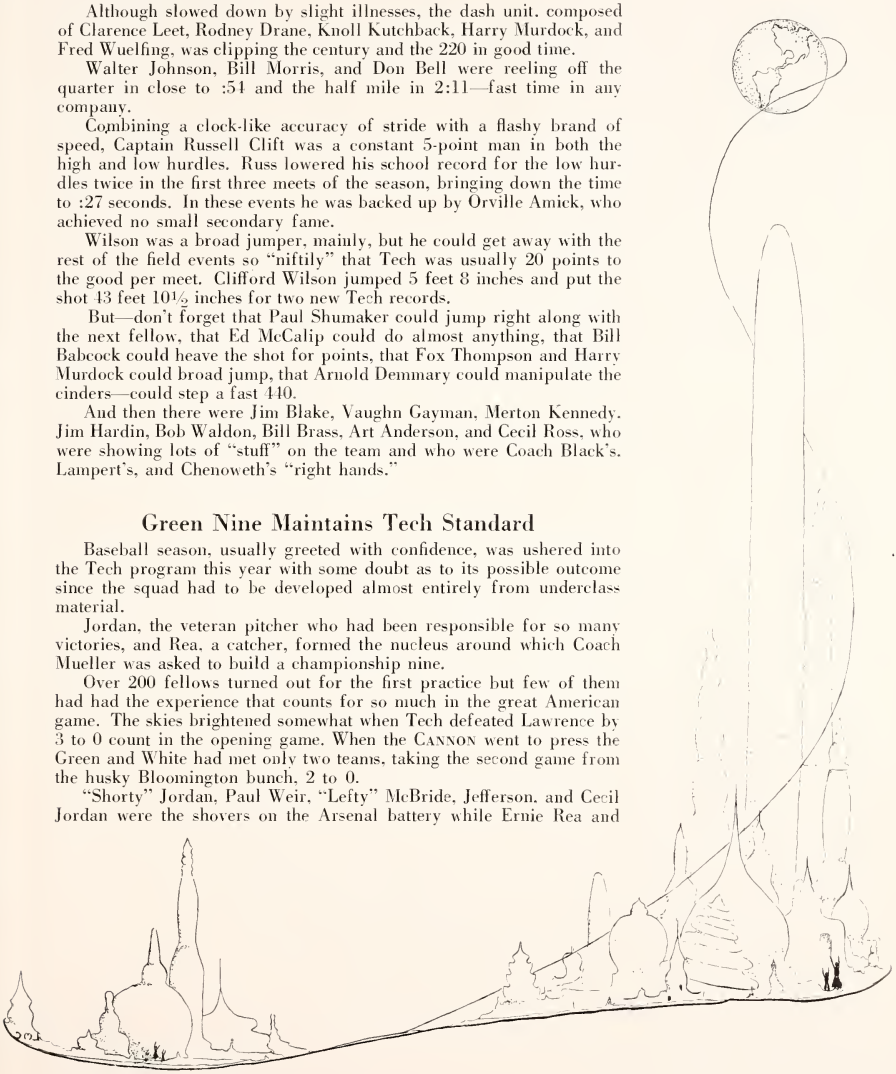
Green Nine Maintains Tech Standard

Baseball season, usually greeted with confidence, was ushered into the Tech program this year with some doubt as to its possible outcome since the squad had to be developed almost entirely from underclass material.

Jordan, the veteran pitcher who had been responsible for so many victories, and Rea, a catcher, formed the nucleus around which Coach Mueller was asked to build a championship nine.

Over 200 fellows turned out for the first practice but few of them had had the experience that counts for so much in the great American game. The skies brightened somewhat when Tech defeated Lawrence by 3 to 0 count in the opening game. When the CANNON went to press the Green and White had met only two teams, taking the second game from the husky Bloomington bunch, 2 to 0.

"Shorty" Jordan, Paul Weir, "Lefty" McBride, Jefferson, and Cecil Jordan were the shovers on the Arsenal battery while Ernie Rea and



"Corky" Bauermeister were snagging 'em from behind the plate. Shorty was going at a great pace in the early contests, breezing the sphere past twenty-nine batters for two shut-out victories.

Ray Schonecker, diminutive short stop, held down his berth very satisfactorily and proved to be a hitter worthy of any pitcher's fears. "Shoni" was hard to locate in a cloud of dust when sliding.

"Bob" Adams capered around first base in great style, putting the pepper in things generally and whipping the ball down to Harry Hagaman or Ely at second or across to Balay at third for many "outs."

When Coach Mueller wanted to tighten up the infield defence, he said something like this, "Hart, go in at short and close down on those bobbles."

The Green and White outfield started out great, Hugh Myers leading the way at bat, and John Nickles, Harry Bailey, and Stanfield Krueger showing up well in fielding and gradually getting the "hang" of the hickory when at bat.

Between the Lines

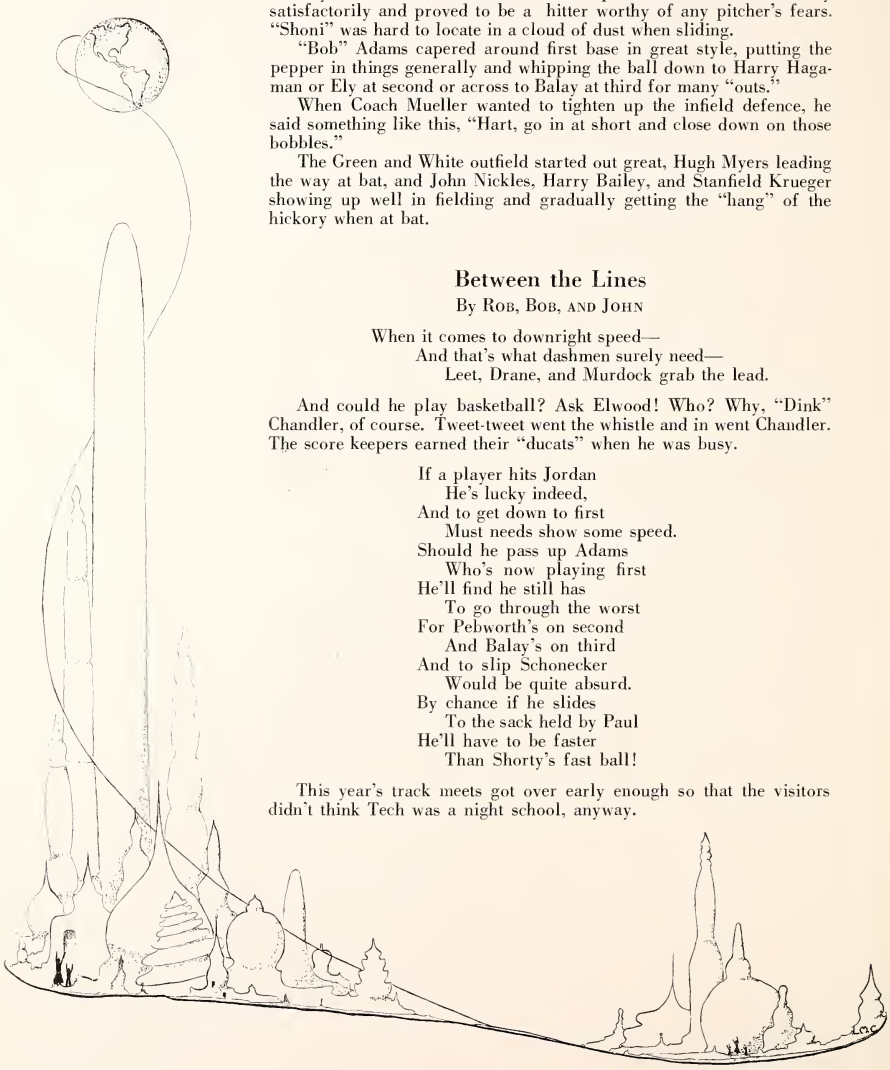
By Rob, Bob, and John

When it comes to downright speed—
And that's what dashmen surely need—
Leet, Drane, and Murdock grab the lead.

And could he play basketball? Ask Elwood! Who? Why, "Dink" Chandler, of course. Tweet-tweet went the whistle and in went Chandler. The score keepers earned their "ducats" when he was busy.

If a player hits Jordan
He's lucky indeed,
And to get down to first
Must needs show some speed.
Should he pass up Adams
Who's now playing first
He'll find he still has
To go through the worst
For Pebworth's on second
And Balay's on third
And to slip Schonecker
Would be quite absurd.
By chance if he slides
To the sack held by Paul
He'll have to be faster
Than Shorty's fast ball!

This year's track meets got over early enough so that the visitors didn't think Tech was a night school, anyway.



Carol Ringwalt, "the one and only," although out for all sports and having but indifferent luck in each, has won a big place in the hearts of the "True Green." Carol was the third guard on the Tech net roster.

"Dick" Fox, forward, backward, and "in-between-ward," the happiest fellow in seven counties, had a place on the big twelve. Although his formal position was at forward, his real specialty was a little side show titled, "Jests, Jokes, and Cracks." It went over big.

Speaking of headlong players, you should have cast an eye on "Hugh" Meyers in action. Hugh always played hard every minute he was in the game.

Freshmen Netters Have Great Season

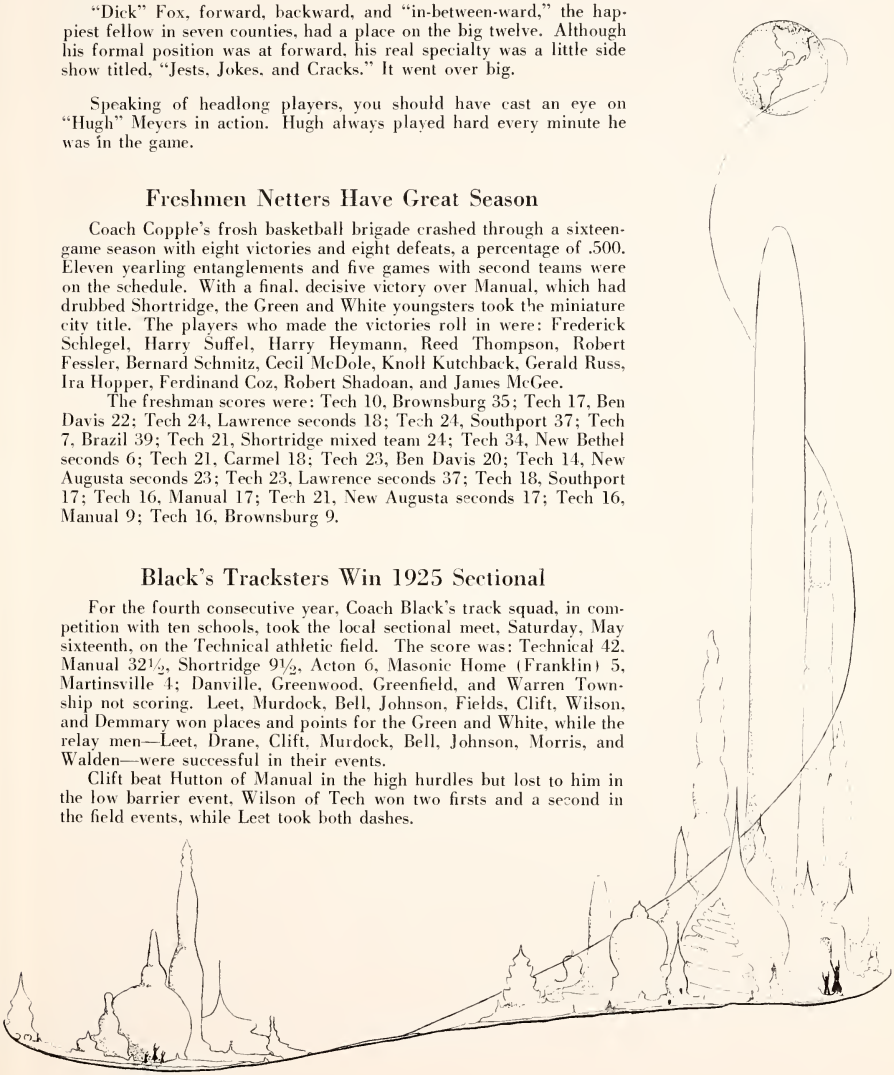
Coach Copple's frosh basketball brigade crashed through a sixteen-game season with eight victories and eight defeats, a percentage of .500. Eleven yearling entanglements and five games with second teams were on the schedule. With a final, decisive victory over Manual, which had drubbed Shortridge, the Green and White youngsters took the miniature city title. The players who made the victories roll in were: Frederick Schlegel, Harry Suffel, Harry Heymann, Reed Thompson, Robert Fessler, Bernard Schmitz, Cecil McDole, Knoll Kutchback, Gerald Russ, Ira Hopper, Ferdinand Coz, Robert Shadoan, and James McGee.

The freshman scores were: Tech 10, Brownsburg 35; Tech 17, Ben Davis 22; Tech 24, Lawrence seconds 18; Tech 24, Southport 37; Tech 7, Brazil 39; Tech 21, Shortridge mixed team 24; Tech 34, New Bethel seconds 6; Tech 21, Carmel 18; Tech 23, Ben Davis 20; Tech 14, New Augusta seconds 23; Tech 23, Lawrence seconds 37; Tech 18, Southport 17; Tech 16, Manual 17; Tech 21, New Augusta seconds 17; Tech 16, Manual 9; Tech 16, Brownsburg 9.

Black's Tracksters Win 1925 Sectional

For the fourth consecutive year, Coach Black's track squad, in competition with ten schools, took the local sectional meet, Saturday, May sixteenth, on the Technical athletic field. The score was: Technical 42, Manual 32½, Shortridge 9½, Acton 6, Masonic Home (Franklin) 5, Martinsville 4; Danville, Greenwood, Greenfield, and Warren Township not scoring. Leet, Murdock, Bell, Johnson, Fields, Clift, Wilson, and Demmary won places and points for the Green and White, while the relay men—Leet, Drane, Clift, Murdock, Bell, Johnson, Morris, and Walden—were successful in their events.

Clift beat Hutton of Manual in the high hurdles but lost to him in the low barrier event, Wilson of Tech won two firsts and a second in the field events, while Leet took both dashes.



Gymn Class Baseball

Bob Adams

Jordan gets a single

Between The Lines

Coppla

Bob Ryker

John Little

Bob Pitts

Gorman

Wilson Breaks Record

Black

Harry Murdock Spans

First Track Meet

Tom Bob Forest

Clift to Leet

Carol Ringvalt

Up in the Air

Dick Fox

Spring Football Practice

Campus Field Meet

Speed Ball

MARS MIRTH
MABLE HENRY

Classified Jokes

Silly Samplers

"It simply isn't done, you know," quoth Cuthbert as he cut into the sirloin. —*Washington Columns*

"A poor man outside wants something to eat."

"Give him that stale bread and cold potatoes."

"But he seems to have seen better days."

"Then give him a napkin, too."

Betty: Dear, these cakes are hard as stone!

Mahlon: I know. Didn't you hear her say, "Take your pick," when she handed them around?

Waiter: Did you have a vanilla or a pineapple soda, sir?

Customer: Mine tasted like glue.

Waiter: It must have been a pineapple, sir. The vanilla tastes like paste.

Customer: Waiter, the ham in this sandwich is awful thin.

Waiter: Boss, the man that cut that ham used to make cigarette papers out of calling cards. —*Lehigh Burr*

"That fellow gets a cold shoulder every time he comes in here."

"Who's that?"

"The iceman." —*Buffalo Bison*

"A great poet met an ironical fate the other day."

"How?"

"Starved to death with a volume of Bacon in his lap."

"Have some more pudding?"

"Awfully good—just a mouthful."

"Mary, fill up Mrs. Jones' plate!"

Animal Antics

"My dog took first prize at the cat show."

"How was that?"

"He took the cat."

"Look here," he said, "I'm going to leave. I've never seen such dirty towels in my life, and I can never find any soap."

"But you've got a tongue in your head," was the landlady's curt response.

"Yes," was the quick answer, "but I'm not a cat." —*Tid-Bits, London*

Helen Emert tells us that if she were a goldfish she would take us for a trip around the globe.

"I wish I knew what to get father for Christmas. He likes to go after small game, but I can't afford to buy him a shotgun."

"Get him a fly swatter."

"Naw, sa, boss, me and sharks ain't friends."

"Why, boy, sharks don't eat black meat."

"Ah know, but it's just mah luck to meet wid one dat's blind."

"Do I hear music?"

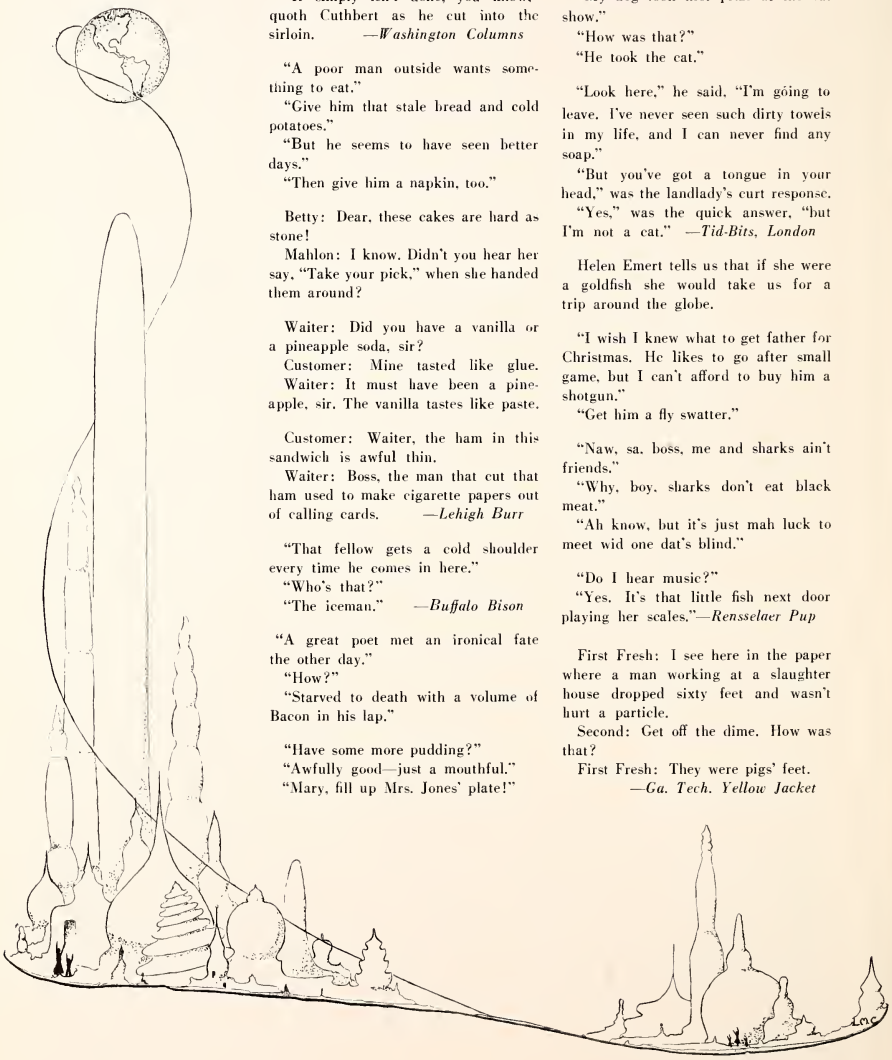
"Yes. It's that little fish next door playing her scales."—*Rensselaer Pup*

First Fresh: I see here in the paper where a man working at a slaughter house dropped sixty feet and wasn't hurt a particle.

Second: Get off the dime. How was that?

First Fresh: They were pigs' feet.

—*Ga. Tech. Yellow Jacket*



Classified Jokes

Sillyliloquies

John Henley has never seen a fish gallop, but he claims he has seen 'em trout. Honest, we hated to let him get away with this one.

"Fouls and field-goals wait for no man." So thinks Frank Sherer. Frank has not missed a sectional or state tourney in five years.

Esther Sandstrom doesn't know whether she has been paid a compliment or not. Somebody told her she had arms like Venus de Milo.

Harry Clark is authority for the fact that the expression, "Step on it, Kid," originated when Sir Walter Raleigh laid his vest down for Lizzie.

Louise Waldorf is taking a correspondence course in learning how to slam Ford doors.

Frank Sargent is starting out in life with his sole possession, a Ford. From his hairbreadth escapes he must be preparing to be a barber.

Papa (to Johnny, aged four): Won't you have another piece of duck, Johnny?

Johnny: Yeth, thir, I believe I will. Duck is my favorite chicken 'cept turkey.

Dorothy Sedler is the walking Shorthand Manual on rules.

Famous sayings as applied to Douglas Hall, "Give me a 'B' and let me sleep."

Unaware that some one was chalking the back of her coat while she was writing a theme, Mary Louise Fahle was heard muttering, "Now for some local color."

Barber Bill

There was a young maid who said "Ow!
A barber near killed me just now."
Asked, "How did it happen?"
She replied, "I was nappin',
And he gave me a bang on the brow."

Hubby: I'm a tiger when I'm aroused!
Wife: Well, I'm pretty cagey myself!

It's a wonderful thing for the women—
The popular permanent wave.
Now it's up to some struggling inventor
To get out a permanent shave.
—*Penn State Frosh*

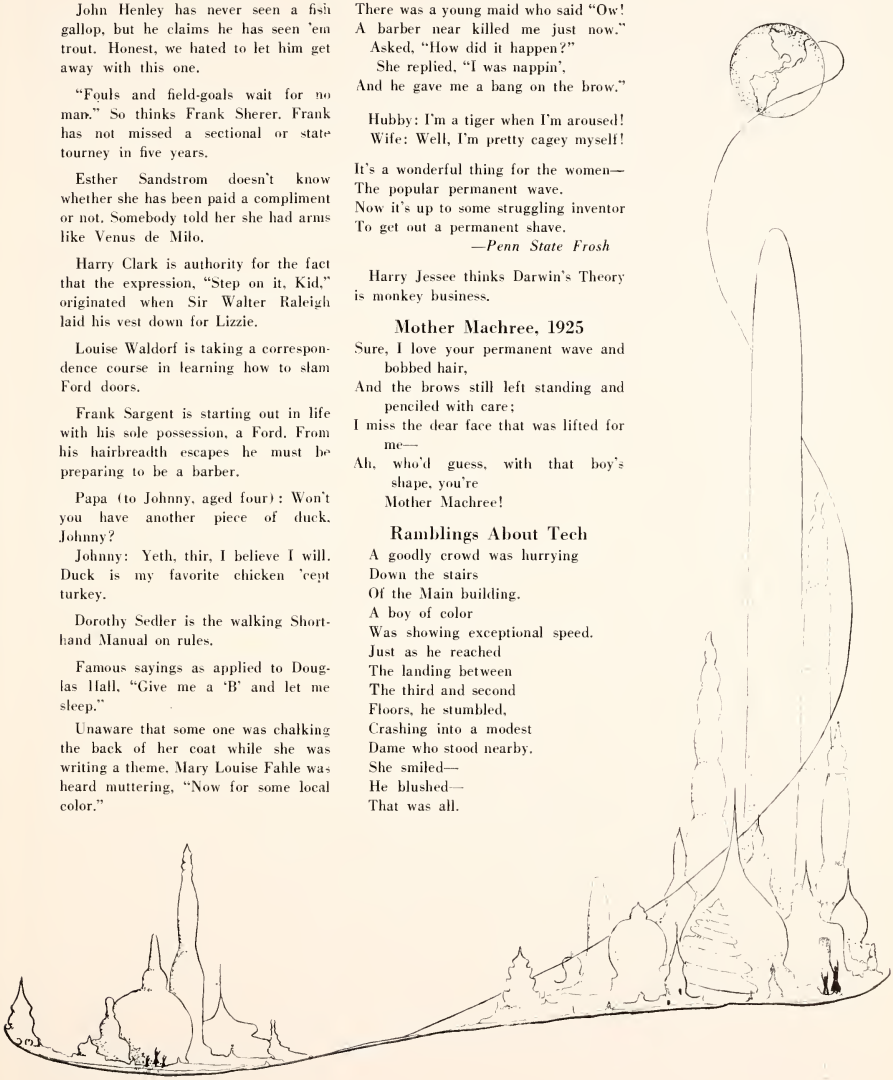
Harry Jessee thinks Darwin's Theory is monkey business.

Mother Machree, 1925

Sure, I love your permanent wave and bobbed hair,
And the brows still left standing and penciled with care;
I miss the dear face that was lifted for me—
Ah, who'd guess, with that boy's shape, you're
Mother Machree!

Ramblings About Tech

A goodly crowd was hurrying
Down the stairs
Of the Main building.
A boy of color
Was showing exceptional speed.
Just as he reached
The landing between
The third and second
Floors, he stumbled,
Crashing into a modest
Dame who stood nearby.
She smiled—
He blushed—
That was all.



Classified Jokes

Dumb Doras

Following a slight upset on our campus, Zerelda Jenkins swore off, or maybe fell off, high heels.

Mr. Overwaite: Have you seen my belt around the house?
Wife: No, dear, did you put it around the house?

The favorite phrase of Mary Jo Lizius while descending the hill to the Barn is, "I can't talk, really I can't",—this in a profound whisper.

There's one thing I would like to know:
Why is a ship a "She"?
Perhaps because it passes up
The buoys upon the sea.
—*Texas Ranger*

Jeanette Harris is worried about her watch. She says the hands point to noon when it's midnight.

Customer: I want a couple of pillow-cases.
Clerk: What size?
Customer: I don't know, but I wear a size 7 hat.

"Think," says the sign, but Esther Graves does not believe in signs.

She: Can you drive with one hand?
He (passionately): Yes.
She: Then pick up my glove.
—*Penn. Punch Bowl*

Virginia Seeds is heartbroken because her canine friend, Tags, leads a dog's life.

Roses are red,
And grass is green,
But some complexions
Fairly scream.

Dumb Daniels

Rollin Geyer likes gum—in fact, we might say that he's stuck on it.

"My heart is with the ocean," cried the poet rapturously.
"You've gone me one better," said the seasick novelist, as he took a firmer grip on the rail.—*Dennison Flamingo*

How could we ever live through study hall if we didn't have Wayne Swope to entertain us with his selection "Squeaks from Seats"?

"Then I am to understand that you have—er—given me the mitten, as it were."
"Exactly."
"Is that all?"
"What else do you expect, a sweater and a pair of ear muffs?"

"Blow yo' horn, Henry! Here comes a train!"

The modern Sir Walter Raleigh—Edward Green—aids all ladies with weak ankles up stairs. Parse that!

"You know, I think George is the most efficient man I know."
"How's that?"
"In order to save on his laundry bill he hides his socks in the pocket of his pajamas."—*Dartmouth Jack o' Lantern*

In study hall John Barney seems to have no more to do than the night watchman of a sun dial.

Pounding keys
Is my pastime;
Without a thought
I make a rhyme.

Classified Jokes

Miscellaneous Musings

FOR SALE—Collie Pups. Lard Press. Sausage-grinder, Churn. 456 East Adams Ave.

"Weenie! Weedi! Weeci!" as Cæsar once murmured, smacking his rouged and penciled eyebrows.

According to George Sears the sun is all set when it disappears over the horizon.

Thelma Kinneman thinks that the idea of barbecue sandwiches originated in the time of Queen Mary of England. Why? Because so many people were roasted at the stake.

After long hours of practice, Von Scherb has learned how to shift gears on a vacuum sweeper.

Paul Hudson intends to be a cowboy. He is now practicing riding the kitchen range.

Paul Jackson of the band isn't conceited though he does enjoy blowing his own horn.

The most looked-up-to man on the campus—Floyd Scherer.

It is Albert Trosky's suggestion that rugs for storage should be rolled rather than folded. This gets moths too dizzy to eat.

This semester's street-car rides remind us of—

"O, for the life of the canned sardine
With friends on every side."

Roses are red,
Carnations are pink.
When I eat biscuits,
I always sink.

Poetic Ponderings

In days of old when Greek met Greek,
They had a tug-of-war,
Or mayhap ran a Marathon
And hymned the conqueror.
But now-a-days when Greek meets Greek
They pool their extra sous
And make themselves a million
Blocking hats and shining shoes.

—*Exchange*

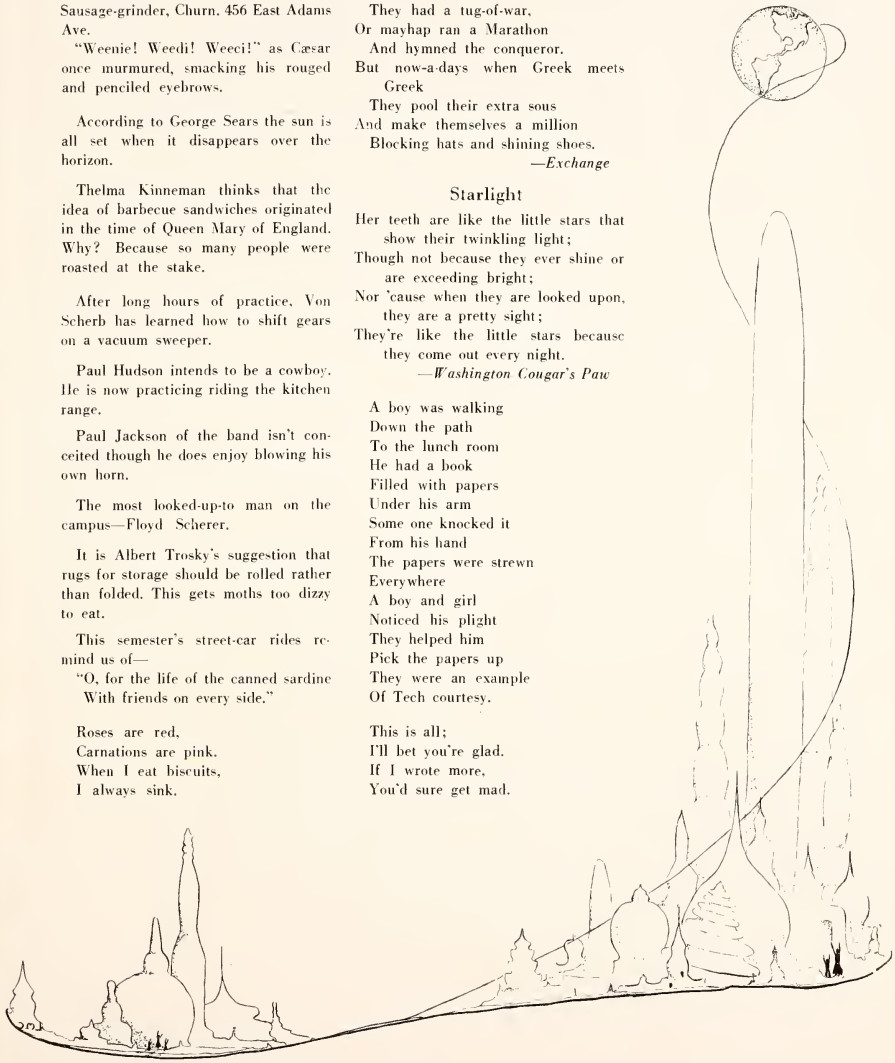
Starlight

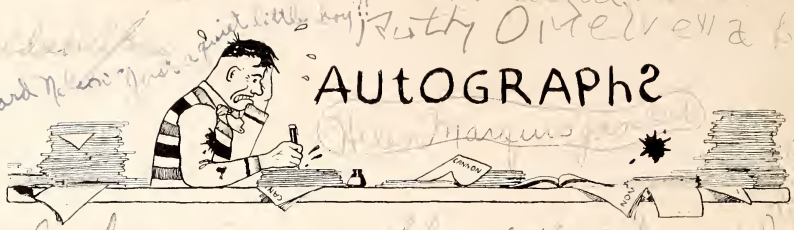
Her teeth are like the little stars that show their twinkling light;
Though not because they ever shine or are exceeding bright;
Nor 'cause when they are looked upon, they are a pretty sight;
They're like the little stars because they come out every night.

—*Washington Cougar's Paw*

A boy was walking
Down the path
To the lunch room
He had a book
Filled with papers
Under his arm
Some one knocked it
From his hand
The papers were strewn
Everywhere
A boy and girl
Noticed his plight
They helped him
Pick the papers up
They were an example
Of Tech courtesy.

This is all;
I'll bet you're glad.
If I wrote more,
You'd sure get mad.





Charlotte Meier (Shaulie) Brodeur

Ruth O'Meeve '26

Howard McLean "Just a quiet little boy"

Flora (Flo) Subir

Mary Frances Peake '26

Gladys Mullin June '26

Kathleen Lloyd "Kitty" '99

Annette Wolfe June '25

Frances Ward "Babe" Jan '27

Gene Moschenross

John Keeton

I wish I were a rabbit tail
as soft as fluff
jump in to your compact
and be your powder puff.
Mabel
Kentel.

"When you married
and taking tea
Kiss your husband
once for me. — to-be
Gladys Mower '27

Yours 'til the thunder claps
Sheila Jean Wilson math III & IV

Remember Me

Mary Stevens June '26

Catherine McClure Jan '26

Mary Frances Peake '26

Gladys Mullin June '26

Kathleen Lloyd "Kitty" '99

Annette Wolfe June '25

Frances Ward "Babe" Jan '27

Gene Moschenross

John Keeton

Gladys Mullin June '26

Kathleen Lloyd "Kitty" '99

Annette Wolfe June '25

Frances Ward "Babe" Jan '27

Gene Moschenross

John Keeton

Catherine McClure Jan '26

The worst I can wish you is twins
But don't ask me for safety pins
Esther Manzey June '25

Frances Servoss Jan '27

It tickles me
It makes me laugh
It turns you wont
My Autograph
[illegible] June 29

Mildred Morgan R.R. 171
Charles Lehr Jan 26

Always B4
Never B6
Sometimes B#

Wm A. [illegible]
Math [illegible]

Lenny [illegible]
What's left

Dorothy Flake

[illegible] 12

[illegible]

VIRGINIA WATTS
N. B. Lee Tech June '24
Butler '25

Frank H Tuck

Carroll Frye
Math 11
E.

Norman Lee Hammer
Chi Sigma Chi